NOVEMBER 2018

AUSTRALIA

PLAYBOY

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PROFILE
ON LINDSEY PELAS
THE WORLD'S SOCIAL-MEDIA SIREN.

SEX COLUMNIST
ANNA DELGAIZO ON ROLE-PLAYING AND POPPING CHERRIES

20 QUESTIONS
WITH DAREDEVIL'S CHARLIE COX

Savannah MADISON
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Jedidiah Jenkins
We've all dreamed of escaping our lives. Jenkins actually did, quitting his day job for a bi-hemisphere bike ride and chronicling it for his devoted Instagram followers. In Far From Home for the Holidays, Jenkins (whose father, Peter Jenkins, penned the 1979 travel tome A Walk Across America) ruminates on northern rituals from the bottom of the world.

Chris Deacon
After landing at PLAYBOY in 2015 by way of London and Time Out New York, Deacon promptly put his stamp on our pages with instant classic layouts not unlike the vintage posters that inspired his foray into design. As creative director, he ushered in 2017's return to nudity with grace and a fresh dose of fun at a time when America desperately needed it.

Madison Margolin
With Rebirth in Bethlehem, Margolin, a writer specializing in Judaism and spirituality ("Jews and drugs," as she puts it), returns to a region where she once lived. Exploring the role of PTSD in Israeli and Palestinian narratives, in a part of the world known for political friction, she sees the issue as a "human, psychological and emotional conflict."

Brin-Jonathan Butler
In American Chess Masters, a s urvey of the tormented prodigies behind the world's most strategic parlor game, Butler contextualizes the significance of 26-year-old Fabiano Caruana and his role in this fall's world championship. The highly respected sports writer's book The Grandmaster drops November 6 from Simon & Schuster.

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An 11 November 2018

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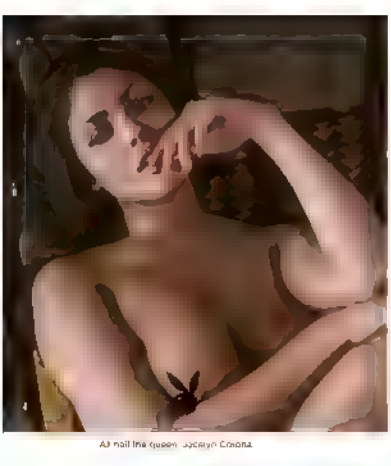
FOR ONE AND ALL

I'm a bisexual woman who has been enjoying a PLAYBOY subscription since the Amazon Prime series about Hugh Hefner, American PLAYBOY, came out last April. I tend to prefer plus-size women like Ashley Graham and Stefania Ferrario but never saw similarly voluptuous models in your pages until the September/October issue. Jocelyn Cordova is the most breathtaking woman I've ever seen. The instant I came across her pictorial (Call Below), my heart started beating faster. I'm glad my favorite magazine is becoming more inclusive. I love that instead of "Entertainment for Men," PLAYBOY now proclaims to be "Entertainment for All." Keep up the good work, and please continue to feature full-figured women.

Jenelle Walters



All hail the queen: Jocelyn Cordova

BROWN BAGGING IT?

Thank you for the fantastic pictorials and for keeping me up on the latest trends. You've always stayed you're a trendsetter and a step ahead of the curve. You must be, you changed the world. How about another change that will help our world? What would it take to get rid of the plastic cover on your magazine? National Geographic now uses paper. Will you step up again as a leader and do the same? We have only one blue planet to call home, and we must work to protect it.

Gregg Jurgens

Great question, Gregg. Paper mailers would be a return to our roots. Once upon a time subscribers received their copies in modest brown paper envelopes. We're in discussions about the possibility of sending this to you. Stay tuned.

GROW YOUR OWN WAY

Josh Tickell's proposal to use regenerative agriculture as a solution to global warming, while promising, depends for its implementation on a vast change in U.S. political forces—one that, as I doubt will happen in my lifetime. Planet Earth does to Washington, September–October, I've become a cynic. Even in green Seattle, weeks of smoke-filled skies caused by wildfire, have not galvanized the necessary consortiums of environmental, governmental and industry groups to address the poor forest-management policies that, combined with climate change, have resulted in forests ripe for burning, smoke-congested air in the West and catastrophic storms and floods in the East don't get voters' attention. I'm not sure what will. Change happens incrementally, and as long as indifferent American voters of all ages fail to appreciate the need for specific actions to combat climate change, elegant solutions such as regenerative agriculture will never be implemented. Millennials must not only vote for progressive candidates but also convince their baby boomer elders to do the same.

Margaret Stanton

FANTASY GAME

October Playmate Olga de Mar has a captivating beauty. Game Set Match, September/October? I dream of playing tennis with her.

Joe Zammo

HONOR ROLL

I was happy to see the return of your annual college pictorial, Homecoming, September/October. And a special thank-you for featuring Miami Dade College beauty Samantha Fernandez. She has an amazing smile. I'd love to see more of her in PLAYBOY.

Eric Pennywhistle

I'm grateful to the magazine for bringing back the college pictorial. It has been a favorite of mine over the years. It looks like I need to get back and visit Arizona State University soon!

Brian Johnson

WELCOME BACK

Since re-subscribing, I've been amazed at how good the magazine has become. The September/October edition is no exception. Michael Shannon, Teyonn Taylor, campus consent, three career stories, Jonathan Penn and the models—absolutely stunning. Only beginning to end. Your photographers are crushing it. I'd been a subscriber since the early '90s, when I was a translator in the Army but took a hiatus after I started to build my company. When I saw the newest iteration, I knew it was time to come

buck. High Hefner got me interested. Cooper and the new crew got me back. Thank you.

Arwilan Niemi

EARLY VOTING

Kathy Griffin gets my vote for 3Q's Playmate of the Year. God Bless America. (September/October). Her smile is captivating. It's great you chose a beautiful, down-to-earth Southern girl.

Walter Sherfey

PREACH, SOFIA

Kudos on the 3Q with Sofia Boutella. (September/October). What a terrific combination of creative ability and a strong voice. Women matter. You need to be a feminist. If you're not, go fuck yourself. Here's hoping PLAYBOY's primarily male readership appreciates her talent and embraces her point of view.

Victor Smith

HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTEST

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Jamie Smith

HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTEST

Ohh, recently I'd never purchased a PLAYBOY. Now, have two issues in my office table. Both contain amazing images from Portuguese photographer Ana Dias. Her work, featured in Lifesaver (July/August) and Game Set Match (September/October), is unique: fun and wholesome, yet inevitably sexy. Please give us more. I'm a middle-age white, heterosexual female executive, and male guests visiting my condo now think I'm extremely cool, thanks to my PLAYBOYS.

Sherry Satterwhite

Kathy Griffin is back and louder than ever.

NO LAUGHING MATTER

Your joke about Humboldt County police and motorists was reprehensible. Party Jokes, September/October). Were your editors not aware of the tragic bus accident that killed 6 and injured 4 earlier this year in Humboldt? Sick and unfunny.

Jackie Roberts

Rest assured that we would never make light of such a tragedy. The joke had nothing to do with a crash and was not a California-specific one at all—Ed.

PICTURE-PERFECT

Over the years you've published thousands of photos, some of them superb. One of my favorites appeared in the early 1970s. It's a black shot of a beautifully shaped breast. The nipple is being gently held between the long-nailed fingers of another woman. I liked the photo so much, put it on my glass-top table in the corner of my [illegible] a steering wheel and classical music with an antique clock, a mural of cloth and glass faceplate. It was stunning. The station wherein Darth would come out to see us whenever we got gas... was famous. My female passengers thought it was hot... and what an icebreaker! That picture was truly unique. I'll never forget it.

Donald Hodgins

Ah, memories. That indelible image was shot by Pete Turner and first appeared in our December 1971 issue on page [illegible]. We've reprinted it several times.

LEUNG'S LINGERIE

Your profile of lingerie designer Yelsi Leung was a welcome surprise. So few men's publications celebrate women's lingerie—strange, given that it can be the sexiest thing a woman owns. Sometimes seeing a woman in lingerie is sexier than seeing her nude. The fact that this young designer is turning underclothing into beautiful artwork and that Hollywood's heavy hitters are taking notice gives me hope that more men will start paying attention to what they're taking off.

Madelyn Holmes

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEL

I recently read your article on PLAYBOY appearances in major motion pictures (Our Favorite Cameos, July/August). I was surprised you overlooked a joke involving your publication in Mel Brooks's Robin Hood: Men in Tights. Why didn't that movie make the list?

Greg Montalvo

Like the character in Brooks's film who boldly caresses the unfurled Centerfold in a Braille (print) copy of our magazine, we were blind not to see it.

POLYPHONIC SPREE

Keep printing fiction like Madrigal (September/October)—dimly perceived, like its musical namesake, circular and vastly confounding. Reading it made my head spin in a good way.

Jake Barnes

Hot Dam

Why the most overlooked prophylactic may finally make a dent in bedrooms across America

(and how one man's trying)

By SOFIA BARRETT-IB ARRIA

Vulnerable sex lover? Lewis is rethinking female pleasure.

"Things are getting hot and heavy, and you both stumble toward the bedroom. After getting naked, you start making your way downtown, moving fast. You then sit up and reach for the dental dam on the nightstand. What's that? You didn't? Bonkers. "What's a dental dam?"

If you're unfamiliar with the unique, prophylactic known as a dental dam, you're among the majority of sexual beings. Dental dams are thin latex squares you place over a vagina or anus during oral sex to prevent STI transmission. They're often packaged in cleanly wrappers and manufactured by companies with clinical names such as FirstDefense, Crosstex and Trustex. There also your, more fun, condoms and are exponentially harder to find (good luck finding them at CVS). Overall, despite their intention to make oral sex safer, they end up making it feel like, a whore, sending an unfair message to women that they deserve neither safe smelling nor tasty version of it.

"Stretching a piece of rubber over someone's private parts is not aesthetically pleasing," says Dr. Damien Jacob Serafin, a New York–based clinical sexologist. "There has never been a serious campaign promoting the use of dams for people who enjoy oral sex."

Here's the problem. National rates of STIs are reaching record highs, yet culturally, safe sex has remained synonymous with condoms, which are deeply entrenched in our contraceptive consciousness thanks to their ubiquity, affordability and pink-lined ovens such as Skyn and Trojan. In fact, Research and Markets estimates that by 2021 the global condom market will be worth nearly $30 billion. "But

when it comes to the dental dam, everybody thinks of them as a laughingstock and incredibly unsexy," says Melanie Crissel, founder of Lunàis, a brand she hopes will modernize the dental dam industry.

Aunts limited use can be traced to the fact that they weren't intended for oral sex. The first [illegible] Pharmacist [illegible] the AIDS epidemic of the 1980s that we co-opted [illegible] study published in the journal Sexual Health [illegible] need a dam, and only two [illegible] "It proves up and down on the [illegible] nose and into your mouth [illegible] choke on it," Crissel says. "It really distracts from the [illegible]

That the inspirations behind Crissel's Lunàis, a line of lingerie-like latex designed so he won't during [illegible] approved materials, Lunàis is just one tangible example of a growing trend of enterprising, sex-positive women looking to reclaim female pleasure in the bedroom. For Crissel, that meant reengineering the dam to resemble a bedroom staple that practitioners say nearly women's sex lives but also their health. "There wasn't a product out there that looked at women's bodies and tried to figure out the best way to create an STD-prevention device for cunnilingus and traveling," she says. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] market Lunàis as an STI-prevention method, the company currently sells its panties as a wearable sex toy. That's notable because though latex jobs are commonplace in most heterosexual relationships, studies indicate that more than a third of women need direct clinical stimulation like the kind received during oral sex to reach orgasm. Culturally, cunnilingus is still considered a bedroom novelty. One goal of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Talk to Me

Three years after becoming the world's social-media siren, **Lindsey Pelas** is flipping the script

BY **STEVEN LECKART**

[illegible] Pelosi [illegible] Playboy [illegible] in November 2010 [illegible] Pelosi's experience [illegible] but it [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Sylvie Michel

Photography by MOSAAB ALSARAY @MOSAABALSARAYART
Make-up by ROSIE ARIZPE @ROSIEHAIRMUA Text by NELLY MADUNA
Location @IBMS COSTA RICA

RIAYMAIE

Tell us something surprising about you?
I'm a cosplayer and a huge fan of anime. I love to merge the two together whenever I can. Cosplaying allows me to be creative and let loose my inner nerd.

Were you excited to shoot for Playboy?
Yes. I've been a fan of the publication since I was 15 years old so, to be chosen as a playmate was a dream come true.

What inspires you?
My goals inspire me. I wake up every day feeling motivated. I ask myself every morning, 'what can I do today to get a step closer to my dreams?'

Why did you choose to pursue a career in modelling?
Modeling was always something I wanted to do. I never felt sexy until I got in front of the camera. Modelling has opened so many doors for me and has given me confidence I never knew I had.

Who do you look up to in the modelling industry?
Aubri Ebony and Gabriella Rachel Lopez. I admire their attributes, beauty as well as their confidence. Both women are equally beautiful inside and out. I aspire to be as successful and confident as them.

What are some of your hobbies?
Cosplaying, traveling and music festivals.

Name three things on your bucket list?
Travel the world, own my own business and star in a movie.

Turn-ons
Confidence, great sense of humor, and nerds.

Turn-offs
Cockiness, negative energy and liars.

Describe to us your perfect date
A hiking trip, followed by a nice picnic. We can find a beautiful trail and explore it for a few hours, then enjoy a nice meal together. This intimate setting is perfect, because it will give us an opportunity to chat and really get to know each other.

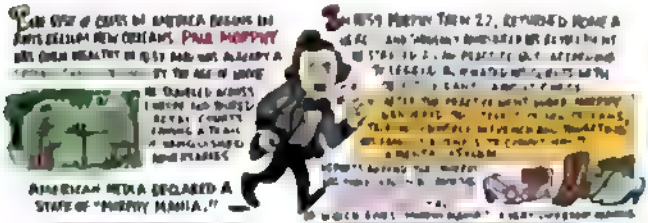
Which world capital would you most like to visit, and why?
Rome, Italy. The country is so fascinating. I find everything from its rich history to its art intriguing.

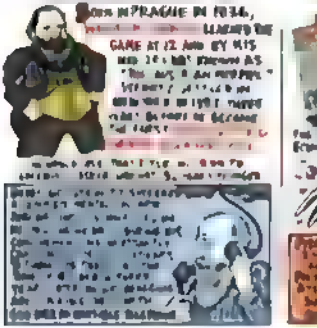
What is your mantra?
Life is too short to not love the shit out of yourself.

Follow more of Sylvie's adventures on Instagram @iamsylviemichel

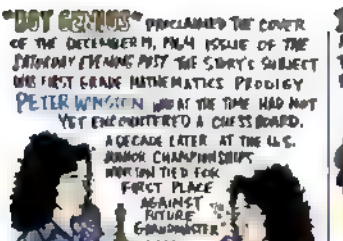
AMERICAN CHESS MASTERS
AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY

A gallery of greatness and madness and a millennial master who might break the cycle

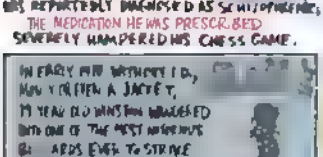




"BOY GENIUS" proclaimed the cover of the December 11, 1948 issue of the Saturday Evening Post. The story's subject was first grade mathematics prodigy PETER WINSTON who at the time had not yet encountered a chess board.


A DECADE LATER AT THE U.S. JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIPS WINSTON TIED FOR FIRST PLACE AGAINST FUTURE GRANDMASTER LARRY CHRISTIANSEN

TWO YEARS LATER, WINSTON WAS REPORTEDLY DIAGNOSED AS SCHIZOPHRENIC; THE MEDICATION HE WAS PRESCRIBED SEVERELY HAMPERED HIS CHESS GAME.

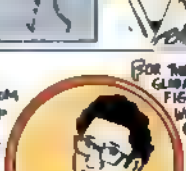

IN EARLY FEBRUARY 1978, NEW YORK CITY WAS BURIED UNDER ONE OF THE WORST BLIZZARDS EVER TO STRIKE NEW YORK. FOUR DECADES LATER HIS BODY HAS NOT BEEN RECOVERED

BACK IN 1980, NEW YORKER JOSH WAITZKIN WAS AN 11 YEAR OLD CHESS PHENOMENON FREQUENTLY TOUTED AS THE NEXT BOBBY FISCHER. THE TOP PLAYER FOR HIS AGE IN AMERICA, HE BECAME ONE OF THE KIDS TO EARN A DRAW AGAINST WORLD CHAMP GARRY KASPAROV IN AN EXHIBITION GAME IN HIS DEFENSE.

WAITZKIN DID NOT BECOME THE NEXT FISCHER AND ABANDONED COMPETITIVE CHESS BY THE CLOSE OF THE 20TH CENTURY. HOWEVER, WAITZKIN'S FATHER WROTE A BOOK ABOUT THEIR FATHER-SON JOURNEY INTO THE CHESS WORLD SEARCHING FOR BOBBY FISCHER BECAME A BEST SELLER AND THEN A CRITICALLY ACCLAIMED FILM.

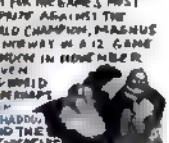
WAITZKIN WOULD LATER FIND SUCCESS IN PHILOSOPHY AND AS A MARTIAL ARTIST, WINNING A WORLD TITLE IN TAI CHI PUSH HANDS—AND AVOIDING FISCHER'S DARK LEGACY.

AT THE AGE OF FOUR, FABIANO CARUANA MOVED FROM MIAMI TO BROOKLYN AND TOOK UP CHESS AT HIS SYNAGOGUE'S AFTER SCHOOL PROGRAM, A MILE AWAY FROM WHERE FISCHER HAD LEARNED THE GAME IN HIS MOTHER'S APARTMENT.



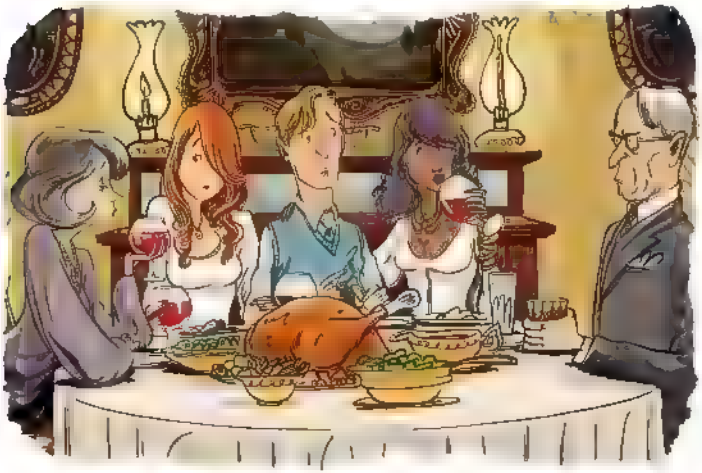
STARTING WHEN HE WAS FIVE, CARUANA DEDICATED HIS LIFE TO CHESS, BECOMING THE YOUNGEST AMERICAN GRANDMASTER BY THE TIME HE WAS 14.

FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE FISCHER GAINED GLOBAL ATTENTION AS A GRANDMASTER IS FIGHTING TO BECOME THE UNDISPUTED WORLD CHESS CHAMPION. CARUANA, CURRENTLY NUMBER TWO IN THE WORLD AND THE TOP AMERICAN GRANDMASTER, WILL PLAY FOR THE GAME'S MOST COVETED PRIZE AGAINST THE REIGNING WORLD CHAMPION, MAGNUS CARLSEN OF NORWAY IN A 12 GAME MATCH IN LONDON IN NOVEMBER BEHIND THE SEVEN FIGURE PURSE AND WORLD TITLE CARUANA'S BEHIND ALSO FIGHTING TO [illegible] THE LONG SHADOW OF BOBBY FISCHER AND THE REST OF HIS TORMENTED FOREBEARS.



Playboy Advisor

Sex columnist **Anna del Gaizo** coaches a man who wants to modernize the concept of bringing someone home for the holidays, plus, advice on role-playing, popping cherries and planting seeds



Q: ***I'm in a polyamorous relationship with two women. This year will be the first time we're together for the holidays, but I have no game plan for introducing them to my relatives. I love both women and don't want to have to choose between them. Is this the right time to introduce my lifestyle to my family, or should I ask my lovers to decide?—C.O., Kenosha***

ILLUSTRATION BY ZOHAR LAZAR

A: To begin with. Between last

obligations, the notion of adding an one two ticnificant others to the mix is enough to make most people skip the mistletoe and jet off to a remote locale cant January 1 Prone to woo

and particularly outsiders

A festive family reunion is never the right time to deliver dramatic and potentia

that people who judge what you do to your own bedroom should suck it. but have to ask: how

unexpected gift of two Santa babies on your

family? They may have already made plans to

Q: *My boyfriend likes to role-play but*

When we're having sex he'll say things like 'Tell me you want to be my whore.' Tell me you want to have my baby.' He never says anything similar outside the bedroom. Assume he gets off on 'dirty talk' that empowers rather than demeans. For the sake of both parties, is there a fantasy element at play

about marriage that we're hurting her? He's messing with my emotions. R.G. Winnipeg

Idiosyncrasy and eroticism. Ho-

A:

ild-fashioned notion, which is also makes it subversive. It is at pure that it seems twisted. These little quirkiness were coming

potential baby daddy, you could have some fun. Cash about the infinential undoo you're

Unfortunately for your actual boyfriend,

jerk. suppose has been to play along, declaring

baby!" it's safe to say he assumes you're only this eccentric too. If you're stone-faced and tight-lipped, your boyfriend is more oblivious than most

response and two and a half kids, you must ask him, "What's the deal? Do you actually want to marry me, or is this just a fantasy?"

Q:

A:

climax on a willing recipient who gleefully

translates to "the act of splashing." Regarded as a fetish by most and a degrading practice by many, it remains a niche practice. While

category—or reference. the porn site received more than 4million vocal uploads last year.) Even so, there's no reason you shouldn't be able to find at least a few cohorts with the same zeal for collective cumming. though you may have to trawl a bit from New Haven

advise men to drink blackberry juice in advance to ensure their semen tastes sweet. These hubs

party such as Kuling Kliima. Sinem or NSFW, where you can meet potential presidents for a future event should you ever choose to host one. If you haven't already, get a facial from an expert partner. (All the better if he holds off on masturbating for three days ahead of

serving may be just enough to satisfy your

Q:

know engage in horseback sex. It's traumatizing enough that my children sometimes

A: sympathize with your frustration but applaud you for taking the responsible route. she's a national person. she probably doesn't hear #nopregnancy

United States have reached record highs for the

increased 67 percent between 2013 and 2017, and cases of syphilis increased 76 percent over the same period.

other possibilities. She has a condom fetish. She's a germaphobe. She thinks the penis is gross and doesn't want to touch her vagina.

Q:

A:

is a relationship, especially when someone is swarming through your brain. There's a lot to be said for getting to know someone—even falling in love—before peeling him (or her) and sticking more inches. But how delayed are we talking?

But by all means, give him a chance. How often do we meet someone we really like? He

chance. You fall for each other until you end up pregnant, his charity, you might find yourself

one may be just the thing that finally gets him off

REBIRTH

How does one attain peace in a land of ubiquitous trauma? Inside the growing bilateral movement to bring healing to Israel-Palestine

PHOTOGRAPHY BY **ADLAN MANSRI**

Pan in the passenger seat of a sedan cruising the highway between Tel Aviv and Jerusalem, passing at first research and then driving beneath Palestinian villages looming over the road. Sometimes they throw rocks at the cars. Oren Lebovich holds up a finger to catch a glimpse of the West Bank barrier, a wall that currently spans more than 400 miles. The chairman of Ale Yarok ("Green Leaf"), Israel's cannabis-legalization party, Lebovich

MADISON MARGOLIN

cannabis has been therapeutic for many of Israel's 8.5 million citizens. Palestinians, too, though in lower numbers. In the past year, 27 percent of cancels have smoked pot, while nearly 36,000 legally receive medical marijuana. Others smoke hashish or resort to the Bedouin tradition of inhaling the fumes of burning marijuana seeds.

Some wake up in the middle of the night with nightmares, sweating, even wetting their beds," says Lebovich. "They can't sleep because their brains are so hyped up by prescription pills. Every Independence Day, they ask the public not to use firecrackers because it scares them. PTSD is not talked about for years only lately do they dare to speak out. I think cannabis was one reason for that."

Approaching Jerusalem, Lebovich fumbles with the radio. News updates interrupt programming on the hour. A flickering warning on the dashboard has been replaced by a green light. That's for the cruise Gaza's solar power plant ran out of fuel, causing dayslong outages. Israel controls Palestinian access to water, gasoline, diapers and international travel.

Almost every Arab Christian and Muslim in the region knows someone who has suffered under the siege. Rampant trauma inevitably infects both Israeli and Palestinian narratives, from guilt to daily life. For peace to become viable, the conflict's

[illegible] address [illegible] from [illegible] the region's stubborn and blood-stained politics.

A few days after visiting the Knesset which, to Lebovich's dismay, will eventually pass a tepid decriminalization policy, I hop a bus at Damascus Gate, outside Jerusalem's Old City. I'm going to visit Amrwan Sacca, an activist working to raise awareness around PTSD and the ways it affects soldiers and civilians on both sides of the wall. I naively offer the driver my Palestinian work permit, he buckles and waves his hand, so drop him some shekels instead. Sacca and I meet at a restaurant in Palestine-Square—near Ramallah—to board a Palestinian bus.

It's a half-hour ride, past black-hat Hasidim, bare-legged joggers and much to-ing and fro-ing between the Bethlehem checkpoint. [illegible] all through the near-empty buses of tourists. It's there unsophisticated to get out of Palestine than to get in, and imagine what it must be like at rush hour. On a typical day hundreds of Palestinians line up here between two and eight AM. This is, [illegible] a region with a population of 600,000. People unbuckle their belts at security scanners. Israel Defense Forces guard every corner.

On the other side, men hang out on the street, drinking tea and playing board games. The sidewalk [illegible] the [illegible] the alleyways [illegible] a bulge, where the [illegible] search [illegible] a metal sheet and wait for Sacca, who promptly pulls up in a rusty silver Ford Focus. A 34-year-old Palestinian Christian with a grizzly beard and kind eyes, he looks like a teddy bear despite his

I shot a bullet into the air

We roam the wall, rife with graffiti and murals, and drive through the meandering Old City of Bethlehem. A large black cross looms [illegible] which [illegible] stone adorns the walls of [illegible] homes, shops and offices. He leads me to a rooftop café and orders tea.

Welcome to the Holy Land," Sacca says. "All of us come with deep, inherited trauma. A healing process is needed." At the time of our [illegible] he [illegible] organizations that help Palestinians explore their identity and personal experiences. A few months later he'll quit, turning toward conciliatory therapies for both Palestinians and Israelis.

Such has been the passion of a young Israeli-Palestinian generation looking to confront the psychic impact of the region's religious warfare and identity politics. Employing cannabis and psychedelics, art and dialogue, they hope to heal those who will inherit these facts and, in doing so, heal the [illegible].

[illegible] these [illegible] experiences [illegible] from the point of [illegible] essential [illegible] Sacca says. Working through psychological damage [illegible] and Palestinians to achieve a peace that responds to the needs of both sides, he suggests. "If that isn't realized, through nonviolent activism, then we're only treating a bubble."

Most discourse around the Israeli-Palestinian conflict follows the same political [illegible] and [illegible] that do little but cause further [illegible] Sacca says is simply that the peace process must address trauma in order to succeed. But as compelling as his [illegible] is the question of realization. Can Bugs and the like come anywhere near the power of land and [illegible]?

[illegible] the [illegible] from the [illegible] and targeted past, it's that scandals and Palestinian [illegible] from [illegible] Jerusalem [illegible]. The Jewish story revolves around issues of security, anti-Semitism and persecution in European and Arab lands, for

Opposite: A [illegible] Above: [illegible]

Palestine it's a history of displacement and erasure of national memory.

Three decades after the 1917 Balfour Declaration, which supported transferring rule of Palestine from the Ottomans to the British in order to provide a Jewish homeland, the U.N. General Assembly passed Resolution 181 to create a state after the ending of British Mandate. Arabs in the area opposed it, while the Jewish Agency accepted it. Civil war in Palestine broke out.

Arab attacks on Jews in Jerusalem began the next morning. The Arabs also did not accept the partition plan while the war in 1948 to start of the countdown to the establishment of the State of Israel on May 1948 and the 1948 Nakbah — catastrophe — which uprooted and dispersed the Palestinian people.

Israeli Accords, previous a series of negotiations in the 1990s, sought seen as the attempt that time, aimed to achieve peace and aggressive border — are has been underpinned by contemporary failure in both sides, including increases in terrorism and continued settlement in the West Bank. The security barrier, the checkpoints, the Second Intifada, a Palestinian uprising marked by suicide bombings, more Israeli military aggression, and a hard-right swing in the Israeli government were products of Oslo's failure.

The generation before me had a different story of peace. Nasra says. "They used to encounter each other on a daily basis. But the ensuing decades and path through a separation have only hardened Israeli and Palestinian entanglement. Powerful narratives — of power and resistance, ideals dissolved into connection and violence.

Taking a daily part of this here, the result of harrowing frustration and misery episodes while Gaza has its electrical outages near its Red Sea and mobilization where residents are stretched into the desolation — the night of army tanks, mortar-mass personnel and drones can attack as triggers, as a Nasra has — are the victims of a hallmark stepping, which caused a massive quantitative effect to the flow on a Tel Aviv mall.

The numbers around PTSD in the region can be surprisingly low, considering the past wealth of Israeli and Palestinian populations exposed to violence in the direct aftermath. Suicide, not war, has been the primary cause of death within the Israel Defense Forces. Nevertheless, 4 percent of Israelis in Israel and 10 percent of those in the West Bank and Gaza — a total of 1 million people — experience during wartime. According to a small-scale, in biographical searches of 50 suicide attackers, 44 had grievances resulting from life experiences in the West Bank and Gaza Strip.

Life's realities as these, the truth be responded than mental PTSD, developed on an individual level, with few moments than can be manipulated by politicians or promote their agendas, explains Nasra. "Israeli and Israeli American writer Shmuly Yanklowitz and clinical psychologist and behavioral science. The region politics reflect and nurture PTSD, magnifying the cycle across threat inherent in the Israeli and Palestinian narratives.

And also strengthens the brain's left side, which then inhibits the right side, from noticing the details that add nuance, fear, from adds. The left side of us an individual an eagle are both birds, while the right side provides the differences between them. So fear between the populations keeps each side from appreciating the other as human.

This is especially pertinent for young adults, including Israeli recruits soldier not when the peer initiation — is still developing. Because this part of the brain is involved in decision-making, impulse inhibition, social behavior and judgment, the demographic is particularly impressionable, and more prone to forming harmful associations. Israeli points out.

These tendencies may also lead to a main ethos. Israeli politicians invoke fear to perpetuating a state initiatives based in certainties of — persecution — to each peoples — all in spite of the blog blunderwise. Israelis they reinforce a form of the — Palestinian — annihilation — eternally arguing the other lives — Nasra a lesser aggression and oppression that is part of — its in the Israeli occupation.

Although it's difficult to capture fear with

"THIS WAS THE FIRST TIME IN HER LIFE THAT A JEW HAD TOUCHED HER. AND IT FELT GOOD."

Clockwise from far left:

empathy in the shadow of a wall—universal human languages such as art and music can bridge gaps like this. "People are people. This is a religious conflict but a conflict between an occupying force and the occupied. Nice people have something to live for even when they still want to shoot missiles and they don't want to give up rocks.

"In Haifa, we have Arabs and Jews, and it's peaceful most of the time. Peace is a way of interacting with the other such that everyone gets what they want and literally in this case disarms all the weapons or takes them altogether.

"I think sadly people give up too easily on the other side will disappear. But the reality is nobody is going away," Sasha says. "The eventual outcome is that people need to learn to share this land."

* * *

To decompress and ease the transition into civilian life at home many IDF veterans go abroad after their service. Every year, some 40,000 Israelis backpack through India, where 80 percent of them use cannabis and 25 percent use psychedelics, says a spokesperson for Hapira Shelanu, a safe zone in India that helps Israeli travelers find psychedelic and high-risk experiences. After partying on the beaches of Goa, a hot spot on the so-called "Hummus Trail" (which Israelis refer to as the "Israeli-American Trail"), Israelis often bring the hash and drug experiences back home.

Many Israelis get their drugs illegally since the medical cannabis program serves only patients for whom traditional treatments have failed. Several years ago Israeli scientists found that Tikun Olam, "Repair the World," found that more than 80 percent of PTSD patients reported improvement after using psychedelic treats PTSD symptoms by suppressing dream and/or nightmare recall and, for some patients, so the present cognitive flexibility to overcome disorder. The Multidisciplinary Association for Psychedelic Studies, or MAPS, that is actually cure PTSD. There's another option: "How we to design a drug to treat PTSD. MDMA would be it," Doblin says. Because PTSD increases activity in the amygdala, which processes fear and decreases activity in the prefrontal cortex, which generates reasons thought it becomes trust and makes it difficult to feel safe. MDMA on the other hand, decreases activity in the amygdala, increases activity in the prefrontal cortex and increases connections between the hippocampus and amygdala, where memories are put in the subconscious storage. So says, "With PTSD memories are never in the past, they're always about to happen again. So MDMA allows people to look at memories with less fear attached and fully process their emotions. The once called "love" drug also releases the hormones prolactin and vasopressin which build feelings of trust and safety.

MAPS has been conducting MDMA assisted psychotherapy studies in Israel for more than a decade. The treatment has been successful for more than 83 percent of PTSD patients who've undergone the eight-hour MDMA sessions.

The obvious catch though is that the psychedelic solution is available only to a few and never still in Palestine. "When you talk in the

street, you rarely find anyone smiling," says Gazan writer Wajiha Al-Abyad. "People's perspective on life is totally damaged. We're just waiting for another explosion. Children in Gaza are more aggressive toward themselves and each other, and she adds. "You reach a point where you have to choose whether to become anti-life and destructive, or to just forgive and move on in peace."

But learning that goal will require more than mind-altering substances.

Psychologist Mohammad Mahrouk with Physicians for Human Rights treats Gazans for conflict trauma and "continued post trauma." Without stable electricity or freedom of movement, along with high unemployment and dirty water, Gaza is widely described as an open-air prison." Mansour performs family and individual interventions. He gives an annual conference on mental health in the Gaza Strip and trains counselors from the Palestinian Ministry of Health and other organizations. "Because of the contamination of attacks and the siege in Gaza, we try to build psychological immunity and resiliency," he says. Laughing, playing, going about routine life despite war — simple actions such as these, along with nonviolent resistance, help the healing process.

Palestine also needs to make space for children's emotions. "Pain that is not transformed is transmitted," says Nissan Joy Gordon, lecture-facilitator at the integrated Tel Hai College Field Studies Department, paraphrasing author Richard Rohr. "Caretakers need to give children, especially boys, the message that it's okay to cry, it's okay to have your feelings; when we are disconnected from our feelings and from it harder for empathy toward other people and easier to act on hostile wars."

Through [illegible] compassionate listening workshops, playback theater and music therapy, participants share their stories, cry, hear others and feel heard. Programs such as Circles of Peace and Holy Land Trust help people confront fear, trauma and prejudices — without walking out when it gets tough — and face the "other" on a human level. "I still remember sitting across from a Palestinian woman, massaging each other's hands, toward the end of one meeting," says Gordon. "Later she said that this was the first time in her life that a Jew had touched her hand in peace."

Empathy can manifest in policy too, as demonstrated by other war-torn regions. Projects we see from South Africa, Ireland and Rwanda show that recognizing trauma was very important in the process of healing those societies," says Lee Mayden, co-director of the Israel-Palestine Center for Research and Information. Their projects, by an official acceptance of the responsibility for the trauma toward the other, which can be by an official apology. In Northern Ireland and apartheid South Africa, there was a "transitional justice process" in which the solution was based on power sharing rather than splitting land, adds Mayden, who also recommends integrating schools and rebuilding demolished homes. "Israelis want recognition of a Jewish state, their connection to the land and Palestinians want human rights, he says. "There's always tension, so it's a question of what would it take to

Although Nachshon hopes for the reconciliation between Germans and Jews. And in light of American influence in creating Israel and Don Mera, according to the Brookings Institution, are best becoming the largest voting block — large enough to [illegible] politicians with [illegible] Israel.

Such [illegible] Mayden brings up the answer can be quite simple: "I need a culture that engages with it, the less

The urgency and wrenching difficulty of this work suffuses the story of a Palestinian named Bassam Aramin. [illegible] Aramin began to serve [illegible] years in prison. He saw his actions as resistance while, when Aramin [illegible] advised him a lot of the taught himself Hebrew and learned about the Holocaust. What he once believed was an attack he brought tears to his eyes. Aramin finished his time, established the Israeli and [illegible] Parents Circle, and embarked on a path of reconciliation.

Peace — and then found his ideals challenged [illegible] when another [illegible] daughter [illegible] Abir. She died days later. "There is no revenge," says Aramin as he recalls seeing the soldier in court. "The killer of my daughter is a victim. [illegible] have five more kids. I don't want them to grow up seeing you there to a place where you feel stronger than this victim. I take revenge by forgiving him without any limit."

Today Aramin is a member of the Parents Circle, a collective of bereaved Israeli and Palestinian parents. Israel told to love your enemy, he points out. "That means to love someone who comes to kill you. He cannot hate you because love is stronger than hatred. It's very simple but it's very difficult to practice."

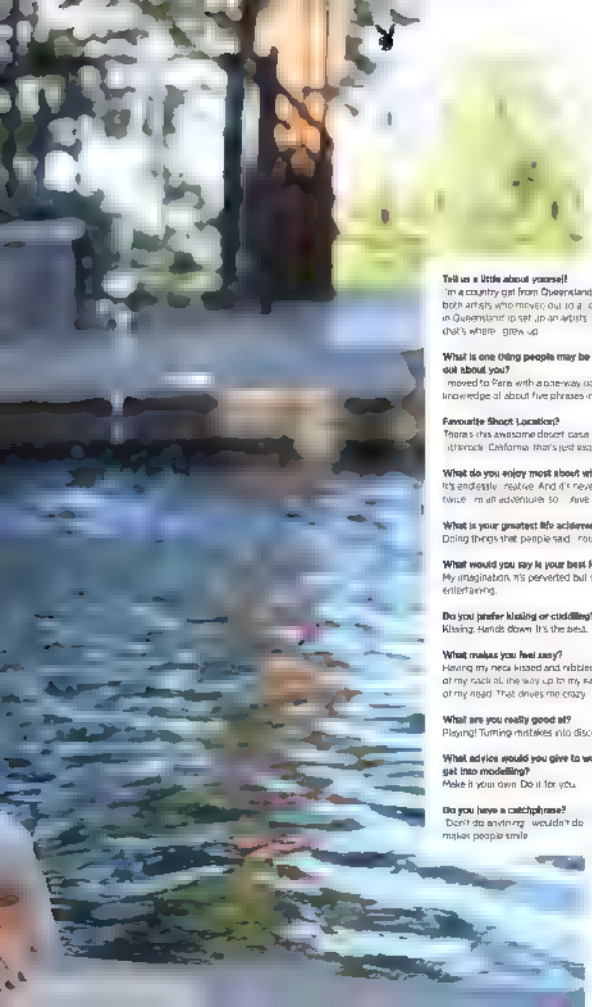
Aramin [illegible] Nachshon [illegible] Abir's death [illegible] morning of the Parents Circle meeting. From trauma comes living in the present by honoring the past without letting it dictate the future.

Late that night, [illegible] Yaki, a beachy mixed Palestinian-Israeli team south of Tel Aviv. [illegible] with [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

The Historic First Sext

KIMBERLY K

Photography by **ARTHUR ST JOHN** *MUA* **ALISHA BAILEY** *Text by* **NELLY MADUNA**



Tell us a little about yourself
I'm a country girl from Queensland. My parents were both artists who moved out to a country property in Queensland to set up an artists' retreat – and that's where I grew up.

What is one thing people may be surprised to find out about you?
I moved to Paris with a one-way ticket and a knowledge of about five phrases in French.

Favourite Shoot Location?
There's this awesome desert case location in Hitchcock, California that's just exquisite.

What do you enjoy most about what you do?
It's endlessly creative. And it's never the same thing twice – I'm an adventurer so I love that.

What is your greatest life achievement thus far?
Doing things that people said I could never do.

What would you say is your best feature?
My imagination. It's perverted but super entertaining.

Do you prefer kissing or cuddling?
Kissing. Hands down. It's the best.

What makes you feel sexy?
Having my neck kissed and nibbled – from the top of my back all the way up to my ears and the back of my head. That drives me crazy.

What are you really good at?
Playing! Turning mistakes into discoveries.

What advice would you give to women aspiring to get into modelling?
Make it your own. Do it for you.

Do you have a catchphrase?
"Don't do anything I wouldn't do." That one usually makes people smile.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

"Football season is here!" booms a man as he enters a sports bar.

The bartender chuckles. "Here to watch the game, friend?"

"Game? I'm just looking for an excuse to binge-drink four days in a row. Seven days. Speaking of which, what sports play on Thursdays and Wednesdays?"

"One in five men surveyed say they enjoy prostate stimulation as part of their sexual experience. Of the others, three are currently googling 'prostate stimulation diagram' and one is a liar.

"It's Thanksgiving and a suburban family is going around the table telling one another what they're thankful for.

"I'm thankful for the turkey," says eight-year-old Bobby.

"That nice," says his uncle Tim. "Is that your favorite food?"

"No," says Tim's little brother, "it puts you assholes to sleep."

"A few weeks later, this same kid is sitting on Santa's lap in a local department store.

"What did you want for Christmas, young man?" Santa asks.

"Well, I don't really want any presents," Bobby says.

"No presents?" says Santa, frowning. "Then what do you want?"

"I'm going to quit rodeoing and be whole goddamn year."

"In a recent survey, 94 percent of respondents said they'd like to have sex in an airplane in related news, 100 percent said they'd like to have sex in an airplane."

"Fun fact: Astroglide was invented by a NASA scientist presumably to help astronauts get into their spacesuits. Seriously, you're welcome. You have bought them flowers and put on a romance record instead."

"I'm calling because why put off daydrinking all the afternoon."

"A woman and her dim-witted husband are relaxing and reading the newspaper one Sunday morning.

"Said to me," says he woman. "According to this, most people check their phones immediately after they have sex."

"Jeez," the husband says, looking up in alarm. "Why are people texting their phones have sex?"

"Getting cool or still shocking depend very much where you're from. But getting "cleanliness crazy" in your shocking reveals an American identity in the making."

"Two women are watching some kids make a snowman in a neighbor's yard.

"I wish my husband was a snowman," says one.

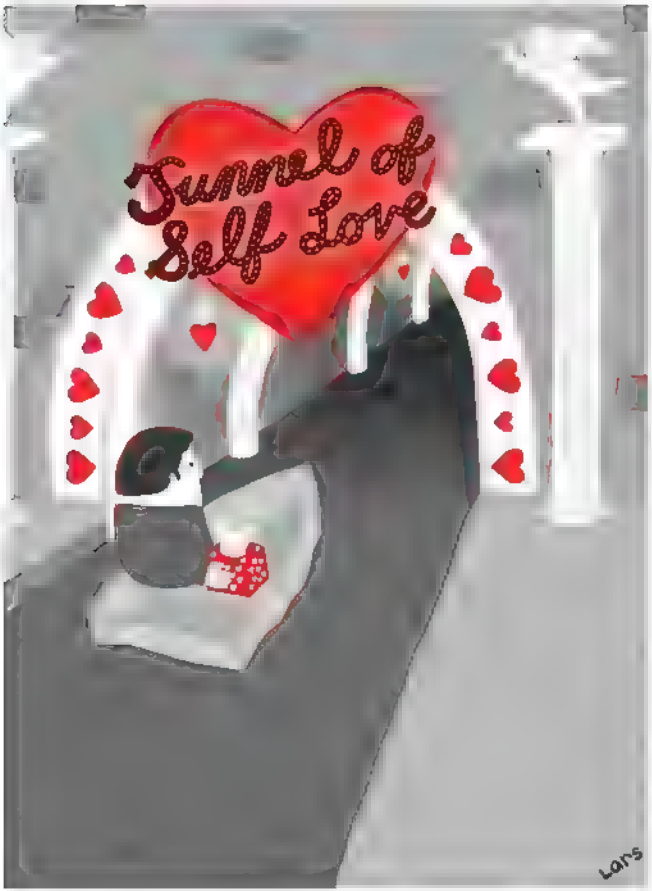
"Why, so you could dress him up and change him into exactly what you want him to be?"

"No, the first woman replies. "Just so I don't have to disappear when the weather gets hot."

"In the near future, we're all going to have life like sex robots which means we're also going to have sex-robot birth support. So if you thought getting caught through condemning the button during sex put a damper on things, imagine getting a robot foot in your orgasmic bones from the office guy."

"Whenever you're feeling bad about yourself, just remember there are people who argue with one another in the comments section of porn videos."

"Three words, Mr. President: pumpkin space latke."


Tunnel of
Self Love
LOPS

THE QUEEN OF MAJESTIC

FICTION BY T. JEFFERSON PARKER

The desert sky was vast and edged with stars. Bill stepped away from the telescope as Margo would look. The telescope was powerful and expensive, a present from Margo to Bill on his 60th birthday the month before. He lifted the bottle of wine from the hood of the Jeep and poured some into their glasses. Bill took a sip and looked at his wife standing at the tripod, her dark hair down, her hands still and away from the delicate instrument, which tracked the chosen target with a computer and a silent motor. Margo leaned slightly at the waist. White summer dress. That's how he'd like to remember her: those all-nine years ago. He had never fully believed that he deserved her, though she was an occasional challenge.

"I wonder what that is," she said.

"Where?"

"Out over the hills."

He looked and saw nothing. It was just before 10 o'clock and the fierce Mojave heat was gone. Bill took another sip of wine and felt the thunk-fullness come over him. Their health was good. Their children were on their own now, both doing well. The LAPD pension was ample. They still owned their longtime Simi Valley house, and their renters were dependable.

The new job out here in the desert was every bit as challenging and exotic as he had hoped it would be. Police Chief Bill: overtake of Majestic (pleasant population 3,218; motto: "Horses at Heart"). Dogs not counting: who cares. And no homes. The job kept him active, brought in money, got him and Margo away from Los Angeles. But they were still close to an region where her old Zuck and his family had settled, close enough to L.A. for visits and shopping, and close to the Sierras for fishing. And they were living under the clear Mojave skies, surrounding the newfound pleasures of which had surprised them both.

"I don't see anything but stars," said Bill.

"I'll set the computer on a satellite. See Pleiades is close."

"Spring on us," she said.

ILLUSTRATION BY MARC ASPINALL

"That's just the media scaring people.

"I have nothing to fear because you'll

"And nerve. In my way you want to be served

I know what that means, Mr. Milky Cone No lights on that UFO, whatever it is."

No lights. A smuggler?"

"Maybe. Slow, for a plane. Either that or

Margo stepped away. "It's tracking perfectly

perfume and faint body heat still lingering near the aperture. He saw the movement, something dark suspended within the larger darkness. It was shapeless from here, flying low and slowly also, to Bill's eye, in a straight line, east to west. Then it appeared to turn toward them. He watched for a moment in shake and he was seeing it right.

"Coming this way now," he said.

unexplainable things were part of what made stargazing what it was. Meteors and satellites. Weather balloons and UFOs. He lifted his face from the telescope for a moment and peered naked-eyed toward the low sky over the hills and saw that some of the heavenly points of light were going out then coming back on as something passed between them and him. Eye again to the scope, he saw it was closer now.

"Bill, is that a motor hoe?" Her ears were better than his now, after his years at the range qualifying for the job and shooting on the board.

"Oh wow," he said. "It's a fixed-wing something-or-other. It looks like a glider. Weird, though, without the lights."

"There it is! Way out there. And I do hear

An ultralight? A drone. This cracking computer is amazing, Margo."

Bill watched the craft coming toward them. The engine groaned distantly. It didn't sound strong enough to keep something that large aloft. Now that it was closer he saw that the underside was pale and faintly jelly blue, like moonlight. The wings were long and wide and the body slender as tucked sighter and long substantial than an airplane, but larger than the Predator drones he'd seen out stables like an ultralight, but graceful. And now that it was so much closer than half a mile away. Bill's birthday telescope revealed the faint, flickering lights inside a bulbous faceted head and the four missiles two under each wing— fixed sight

"Damn thing's armed," he said. "Cruise he pharmacies. Are I seeing this right?"

Margo was quicker to fear than her husband, so he often found himself acting on her fear rather than by his own calmer nature. But it was important to keep your spouse feeling protected and served. A 30-year L.A. cop learned that. And so far as the food chain went. He was right up at the top. Anarchists, not fear. Preparation, not worry. Cool, and powerful.

"Why? And then what?"

"Okay, okay we'll play it safe, Margo. You hustle away from here the same way we came in. Careful with the knee. Find some cover, hide and wait. I'll take the Jeep the other way then circle back and get you. Go now. It's okay."

She looked at the thing, head back at him, wide-eyed. "I love you, Bill."

"I love you. We'll laugh about this later."

He watched her run up the two-track then it was in on brown hair bouncing elbows in

he was surprised how much closer the strange, dark craft had come. He felt like a truth was dawning on him, but he wasn't sure exactly what truth it was.

Bill grabbed the tripod and swung open a rear door and dropped the instrument onto the backseat, its legs still splayed. When he slid the door the wire bottle bottomed and the wingglasses shivered and Bill breathlessly threw off the hood and shot a crossfire bush. He got in and started the engine and looked at Margo. She had already put some good distance between them. As if she felt his eyes on her, she glanced back, told stride and Bill

The Jeep sat up high, and the faster he went the harder it lofted and jumped when it hit the mounds of dirt and rocks and bushes and cacti, only to plummet gut-droppingly into the soft low pockets of mud. He tried to steer around such things, but soon he was

took into the sideways for Margo nothing but bouncing black earth. He turned up a hillock, underbelly of the aircraft squeezed itself in his rearview mirror. Shit, he thought. But quiet. On me Margo okay. He charged across the small plateau, down the other side and back into the flats, the airborne thing still glued in his rearview, unvarying and slowly closing, maybe a quarter mile back

Bill hit a sand flat. He wondered if Billy Jeep it had the big V-8 bright just swirtas the lumbering device hallowing bites, so he floored it. The tires dug in there rode higher and true as he accelerated. But when he turned for a quick look the flying machine was closer than he thought. Then the Joshua trees were whizzing quickly past him, as if they'd jumped in from the darkness, and he crunked the wheel to miss the closest one. Thus sudden turn armed him toward another bladed tree just a few yards away, which he managed to only clip with the grille of the Jeep, but that left him braking and swerving toward another tree that he had brushside. The heavy telescope hurtled through

He got his ammunition from the glove box.

out. Through the spinning canopy above him he could see the plane: dense, glassmen, whatever it was humming steadily in its na ranane. He leaned back against the Jeep, raised the .40 caliber, found a space in the Joshua tree limbs and held a little ahead of his oncoming target. Squeezed off three rounds. Bill had been part of the LAPD shooting team and he was used

feets go. After the third shot, when nothing at all happened to his target, Bill realized what a stupendously useless idea this was, throwing bullets against a flying monster in the black of night. He held a little higher and fired off three

Against all odds but in keeping with his faith in a higher and beneficent power at least one of the bullets must have hit its mark. Because Bill saw a quick puff of white smoke, then a red ember a small explosion. Had he hit a fuel line? Sparked a fire? Then the ember sprouted a white tail and streaked across the sky toward Bill. It came very fast, then much faster. Bill raised his sidearm to the flaming, smoke-trailed devil, settled with his shooter's

Margo saw the fiery descent of the rocket and heard the explosion. A lamp of orange light rose from Bill's direction. She was in the

on her knees, breathing rapidly. Not as much as a boulder to hide behind. Not a tree. Not even a low spot for cover. Fours and for cat, the prober shot banked into a near pale-bellied turn, and

She turned and ran. Ran with all her heart And more. Legs so heavy. Stars and tears. Tears

the engine cutting. And her own breath bellowing in her ears, roar of life in and out.

Sucking air she slowed and stopped and turned to see. It came itself a mile out? A quarter? The strange flame of flames still glowed in the east, nine legged in black. She went to one knee and pushed a rock off the ground, a round throwing-size rock. She'd pitched softball in college, partial scholarship, high 60s into a good day. She was feared. When the missile hovered silently she stood to face it, cradling the stone

the missile's control ready to windmill her arm and shift that weight to her rear leg. Just before the delivery she would tell herself: You

HE RAISED THE .40 CALIBER, SQUEEZED OFF THREE ROUNDS.

can—but me was can—no me. She wanted her arm more strong against the Goliath

Forty-eight minutes later, just after the little convoy came barreling across the desert on a four-wheel-track crude-moulded cradle bounced behind an oversize tires designed for sheer width. A naked flatbed dually, also on six-gauge bolts, containing the crude wooden trunks of uranium with metal bands, the size and shape of coffins

been light beams crossing and intersecting, picking up things from the desert floor and dropping them into orange plastic buckets. Two of the men had long-handled metal detectors. When they were finished they hoisted their buckets and the flatbed that contained the contents of the others; when three of them pulled leaf blowers from the other dually, they fanned out as far as their search had taken them, started up the blowers and backed across the desert floor,

just five miles from here. The extremely bad news that they were being watched and recorded. Like that, which was the whole point. Divide thought of the unknowing people as friends and sometimes jokingly of course of herself as their Queen. It took her no seconds to reach of 60 screens all of boredom she'd indeed herself.

But she had been trained by Alpha-Neutronica to miss nothing and but as exactly what she missed. So far, the summer's extensive highlights were coyotes running down jackrabbits foxes hunting kangaroo rats desert tortoises lumbering unsure in what looked like lunchtimes and some interesting prize snakes that could glide under the sand when threat digging a hole—then she'd seen a gas pipe and the people inside began to leave. He was a middle-aged man with plump hairless knuckles and she a young woman, both of them angel. They were disgusting.

Divide's Talon-7 autonomous unmanned airborne vehicles featured fourth-generation. Our surveillance planes. The Talon-4 was technically still in development, but the marketers were already taking orders worldwide to combat their real-time flight-pes video of say a rattlesnake a rain long at best mph 5,000 feet away.

As the drone paid, it was unmanned, that is without pilot needed. And because it was autonomous the Talon-7 existed in robots other. No human required to fly the mission, since the programming was done in flying machine with a mind, literally of its own. Or so the designers liked to say. Employees of Alpha Neutronica were forbidden to call an AI, or a drone even, under any circumstances, even to friends. A company spokesman was once fired for using the term on an interview. Nevertheless, Alpha-Neutronica was known within the military industry as the world's largest manufacturer of drones and strategic nuclear weapons.

The dog on the floor beside her extended its legs in a quivering stretch and took a noisy deep breath without waking up. Divide was a wordless, less deeper. Divide was about to turn her attention to the much more interesting internal surveillance screens in Majesty, when something on screen eight—top row caught her infallible eye. At first it looked like one of the light-shimmer ripples in hot air that occasionally got into the night. But it was far off the pinhole was just in the field. A distant but just entered Swedish NW the aircraft-alert boundary of Alpha-Neutronica's surveillance grid. As programmed, the Talon-7 hovered and Dw

Bringing up the rear was another flatbed, empty. These three vehicles were chimneyless and painted matte black, and the windows were dark and bullet-deflecting. Because the cabins were silent, insulating, big-tired sand buggies with a roll cage and six powerful headlights and a warning whip mounted backward with speed. Malik gave The driver in a ball cap and goggles within the cage of his speeding vehicle plowed back and forth across the sand, rhythmically like a downhill skier, his gloved hands relaxed on the wheel.

When the narrow hard-road dwindled to nothing, he vehicles all slowed and spread like the deep and picked out any two and they went to the corners of the deep flat. The big genie lifted the sticks, snowblowing, sand-dropping tool high into the air and swung onto the empty flatbed, was men and six women at desert camp and combat boots worked in large olive surplus over the bunk and cam nylon ropes through the grommets and cinched it down. Then another turn-crisscrossed and another passing of the rope up and over. Two other men at camp stood and watched the three-buggies drive parked, systematically checking his watch. He wore khakis and workboots. He but cap and an military-short shirt.

Next they collected the body of the man and put it on the flatbed then closed the lid. They found flashlights and spread out unhurriedly away from where the deep had

crusting their footprints from the surface all the way back to the vehicles filling in the pound-brushed darkness. he dust formed a cloud.

Within minutes and but a little they formed the human and sat on her left to lick bed beside he man. They collected and swept her area low. Another, smaller dust cloud formed. Then the circles trundled out the way they'd came in, same order, nonreflectingly vanishing a few yards or a time ten the east.

2

Eight miles away and deep in the Alpha-Neutronica complex, the relative analyst Divide willingly sat in he theater and moved her gaze from monitor to monitor left to right then back down a row and across again in reading. An aka Vellma Labrador slept on her paw beside her.

It was quarter to 8 of a night and she was almost two hours into her shift. There were 60 monitors in all, arranged on six tiers of 10, forming the rear wall of the theater. Desks sat at the workstation, centered in the screen six tiers back. he top three rows of monitors were dedicated to exterior still cameras pole mounted around the really flatlining much happened outdoors in the middle of the Mojave Desert especially on the ninth row of 10 at summer. The bottom three rows showed the feeds from some of the homes and businesses in Gray Majesty,

SHE HEARD IDLING VEHICLES AND LOW, CURT VOICES.

counsel in Zovorred again. Using the controls on her console, Dixie overrode the Owl sensor hold and came to a hover right.

She saw a late model jeep, black and white with a light bar on top speeding away across the desert. She recognized the vehicle and driver — the recently hired Mojavine police chief Bill Overlake. For some weeks now Dixie had observed Bill and his wife out here at night, their little telescope set up drinking wine and talking about whatever the married people talked about. No sign of her own Margie Maggie. Bill and his wife seemed like nice enough neighbor. Dixie had seen them at the Roadrunner Cafe and at the Red Rare Trading Post buying newspapers and coffee. Bill was sure in a hurry now. With the Owl sensor locked in at max zoom, Dixie could see the sweat on Bill's face, and his glance up at the rear view mirror's expression grim.

She pulled back to see what was behind Bill Overlake but suddenly all 60 surveillance monitors went dark.

Great, she thought. The most interesting thing all night, now a blackout. It was probably one of the occasional unannounced blackouts engineered by Marcus Spahn himself and later excoriated as part of cybersecurity countermeasures. In that case the monitors would be back online in a few minutes.

Dixie sat in the screen-darkened theater. The lights and air conditioning were still on. Orwell had sensed the change so he pricked his ears and looked up at her; his face filled with sloppy devotion. Dixie bent over and rubbed the back of one ear, then the other. He crashed on the carpet with pleasure, tail tapping.

To Dixie, there was something beautiful about the unconditional love that Orwell gave her. Dixie was six feet three inches tall and full-bodied — at most of her ire she had been told she was hulking — she thought of herself as hulking. She embraced her hulkishness by wearing some black clothing and big black Dr. Martens boots that looked as if they were made for metamorphing. She stood up straight. She had demi-chick hair that formed a kind of privacy screen around her pleasant face: a peaches-and-cream complexion and blue eyes behind metallic glasses.

She swiped her employee card at the exit and waited for the chair's complex unlocking sounds to finally resolve. When the door clicked behind Orwell the same sounds locked them out.

In the anechoic security guard Nelson was pouring coffee while guard Weber sipped his own, working through the steam at Dixie.

"The monitors are all down," she said.

"Spahn probably just made coffee.

No thanks. I'm going outside.

It's a free country.

That's funny. Weber considering what we do here.

Through the coffee steam she caught his look: a perfect security guard's combination of humorlessness and suspicion.

She went outside and upstairs and stood in the raising of the employee patio, looking down at the AlphaNeuronics compound below and the dark desert beyond. There were a few lights on in Marcus Spahn's beloved lethal autonomous unmanned aerial vehicle annex, where the armed, autonomous crafts were designed and assembled.

Dixie saw people moving around down there, more unusual for this time of night. Then she heard vehicles starting up. What do you make of all that, Orwell? What's Marcus up to now?

Orwell, he said/thought, she thought. As AlphaNeuronics's top test engineer, Spahn had a hand in most projects. But the LAUAV were his babies and ours little was known about the LAUAVs outside of Spahn elite team. The Lethal Team. They were a happily arrogant crew. Marcus Spahn was dark's handsome and he knew it and he hired unreasonably attractive people too, so that you didn't need to ask why one of them was LAUAV. It was pretty much written on their faces.

Although there was something genuine about Spahn's fun on Dixie's opinion. Not that she saw him up close very often.

The beautiful, swashbuckling LAUAV people had their own suites but Dixie kept them own hours. For days sometimes weeks at a time she'd all be gone — out in the cabled proving grounds, or perhaps in meetings with Alpha Neuronics founder Dr. James Verninge in his Nob Hill mansion, Tahoe compound or San Marino estate.

Now something unusual was afoot down in the annex. The heavy idling vehicles and thumping sounds and low specific voices that were carried back to her by the dry desert breeze — the voices Serious Someone in charge Spahn? Hard to say. Going? Going where? You had her emotions were all out of she could just sit back and watch the show.

Then in the dim moonlight Dixie saw the convoy heading down the LAUAV-only dirt road toward the LAUAV-only gate in the LAUAV-only chainlink fence that separated them from the rest of Alpha Neuronics and the world.

"

One hour and 40 minutes later, Dixie's monitors were still nonoperational but the Lethal Team was out — it was home. In the break room she looped Orwell's leash to a table leg, clicked out for her break and took the back stairs down to avoid Nelson and Weber. She stayed within the desert blackness as she made her way toward the LAUAV annex.

Of course the Lethal Team area was verboten, but one of the perks was often felt unchecked by scofflaw employees. And she

surveillance unalysis grade three, such as Dixie — and other lesser players here at AlphaNeuronics — were not even close to cleared for LAUAV annex access. Her employee badge would literally set off alarms if she tried to swipe her way in. And the whole annex was surrounded by butt-ugly, desert-camo, 9-foot-high chain link anyway.

She knew that if she could find Spahn before one of his underlings threw her out, he just might let her know what all the evolutions was about. She believed that because on the exactly six times that she has made eye contact with Spahn his peacefully-looking gray eyes has held her gaze with steadiness curiosity and — she thought — interest.

Very lucky night. She closed the gate quietly

behind her and followed the path toward the communal. The vehicles were shadows down

terminal — an enormous metal barn with four rolling metal doors along each long side and small windows set at eight feet so admit sunlight and defeat the curious. Now only minimal light from inside

She stopped in the sofid darkness, short of the weak terminal light. She saw primarily Spahn and two of his knights in conversation.

ight bar half-severus, half dungaree

Dixie's heart dropped. She backstepped amber and the dark then circled to one side of the building and came up close. Darkness and dirt under her boots, the rumble of voices inside. She crept to the edge of the raised rolling

men she'd seen but never met. Spahn and the others watching. The box didn't look heavy just big. Then another. When the boxes were zeroing side-by-side, Spahn opened them. The lids ened up on hinges.

Dixie turned her back to the metal wall stood still as she could. Felt the big booms of her heart and wondered if the people inside could hear them too. If that was a Bill Overlake's Jeep, and Bill and Margie Maggie.

ohn, Mrs. Overlake inside those boxes, then what? Why?

Suddenly an argument erupted inside the terminal. Voices four, then louder. Dixie could hear Spahn talking over them. "A terrible accident is still an accident," he said,

Where the enemy not identify
We should have left them out there.
We sure as hell can't take them back!"
The DoD will cover us - we come clean"
I will not spend the rest of my life in

Then Spahn again at a booming voice. "This is the cost of freedom! There are always

The argument ended as suddenly as it had begun. An eerie silence. Dixie risked a peek inside and saw almost exactly what she had imagined seeing: the eight Alpha/Neutrinuca employees standing in a semicircle around the two open boxes, heads bowed as if in a strange

She checked back on front her breast saw that she'd overstayed the allotted 30 minutes by

Orwell, knelt and stroked his fine heavy hair

everything changed, everything wrong.

Back in the surveillance theater Dixie ner her black cardigan against the aggressive Ar then sat heavily in her wheeled task chair. Orwell collapsed with a thump. Her monitors had come back to life and she watched the black night on them. Three tier, second from left. Kongatwo out. Bottom tier, third from right, owl. She was too distracted to even c about her human Majestic friends, obliv as they were to her

Her shift would end at six a. paid with

appointed hour. Her duty was her life. So she sat there replaying every second, every frame of the past hours. She believed that Spahn was

they would find a way to destroy the evidence of their accidental homicides. Of a policeman and his wife. Nice couple. She believed the DoD and CIA would probably move heaven and earth to protect their interests here their

al dinners and strategic nuclear missiles. As would the president, if the president knew

And as for her, hulking Dixie Willoughby grade-three surveillance analyst offering her devotion and her life to this Republic?

Who was she to defy them?
Why should she defy them?
And if she were to defy them, how?

She finished her shift, followed Orwell and punched out. Waved to Nelson and Weber. She drove the private road ahead of the incommoning day shift, which started at 7:30. She passed the village for AlphaNeutrinuca employees: a ten-blanched little handful of modular homes that smacked of military-base housing. Small market and stores. Eight prices. A park with swings for the kids.

The employees who lived there called themselves Alpha- Neuriticans and their home Neuronica Acres. Dixie's address was

She drove past Neuronica Acres, took the highway north into the hills where she liked

sere and forbidding land, wind-contoured boulders and sharp, withering plants, but it was beautiful.

She walked slowly because Orwell was no longer young, and the early-morning temperature was already in the high 70s. And because she, Dixie, though 28, no longer felt young, as of last night.

As she crunched along, Dixie thought of Majestic's 378 human citizens who had secretly observed for the last two-plus years. None of them yet suspected they were human

exterior cameras and so utterly unlike

She was quite fond of most of her people. In

for them and often spent her long graveyard surveillance hours imagining what she would do for certain Majesticans who just needed a little help. Such as Lance, the mentally retarded teenager who ran off into the desert for days at a time collecting odd objects to

Amber. What about a better pair of boots for

dealer who committed all the way in Las Vegas and most nights cried herself to sleep in her faded yellow trailer. A tough case, that one. And others. In a way, she loved them. It was an inevitable, noninvasive, impersonal

She had no siblings and no friends, really, except her very preoccupied JCT Med Center parents: Dr. Mann in Neuroscience and Dr. Dad in Hematology. Some distant cousins back east. God knew where. People in general annoyed and disappointed her. Men so selfobsessed and women so angry and desperate. She just felt too big and clumsy and conspicuous. Hulking. She had Orwell, her job and her modular home in Neurotica Acres - and that was about it.

She sat on a smooth rock and let the rising sun heat her face. Closed her eyes and conjured to mind every time she'd seen, in person, gentle Bill Overlake and his wispy wife — name of Margo thank you — and knew they'd seemed like two parts of the same animal. She'd seen them in reality only a few times. Said hello once outside the Knickerbocker Cafe, once in the Red Face Trading Post. Waved from her car as they, pulling out of the

or more — kitchen, living room, bedroom. Never watched them in intimate, lovelorn or goofy moments. Ever.

For some reason — well, she knew exactly

of the Overlakes hurt her now, deeply. Because she knew the Overlakes would never, ever be alive together again. However, the unalloyed truth was: When she'd had the chance just what had she offered them, these newcomers

— in passing? Secret surveillance? A finely — tuned willingness to blow them off the face of

She opened her eyes. Orwell had found the shady side of her rock and lay in his side.

Dixie got out her phone and powered it up and found her voice recorder app.

"My name is Dixie Willoughby," she began.

"I am a junior-level surveillance analyst at Alpha Neuroticica. Something happened last night at our R&D compound run by Majestic

Savannah MADISON

Photography by ARTHUR ST. JOHN @ARTHURSTJOHN
HMUA AMANDA TERRY @MAKEUP . MANDI Location BIG MIKE @BIGMIKE
Wardrobe COLLEEN KELLY Text by NELLY MADUNA

Describe yourself in three words.

Were you excited to shoot for the cover of Playboy Australia?
Absolutely thrilled! It's a huge accom

You are now a 2x Playboy cover model, what does this mean to you?

What was it like starting out as a model?

What would you consider to be your biggest challenge as a model so far?
One of the biggest challenges is trying to budget enough time to work with so many amazing and talented photographers in the glamor modelling world

Describe your perfect day off when you are not modelling?

Do you feel more like a city person or a country person?
I am definitely a country gurl! I was born and raised on a farm and still

animal lover so I have to always be

If you could live anywhere in the world, where would it be?

the Caribbean Islands or Florida during the

Do you have a secret talent?
I can touch the tip of my nose with my

A guilty pleasure?

Which song is absolutely certain to make you cry when you hear it?
I'm actually a country music fan so that means there's a lot of them that could possibly qualify but there are

you're reading this! and Five for fighting "100 years

What is your favourite word in any language and what does mean?

Any last words you would like to share with the readers?
and

positive attitude is everything! It goes

life's challenges so never take life too

happy. Stay positive! Live, laugh, love!

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In the Shadow
of the Mountains

Telluride, Colorado is a postcard-perfect ski town of some 2,500 residents who have an alarmingly common habit of dying by suicide.

...other Western ski areas — Aspen, Jackson Hole, Wyoming, Sun Valley, Idaho — and ...

Telluride lies in the southwest corner of the state, in a box canyon hemmed in by 9,000-foot Rocky Mountain peaks. Until ... 0 fewer than 600 people lived there.

Around 1979 three friends, high school ... Telluride from Tucson where they lived. Gen Slocum was a soft-spoken tennis star with blond hair, blue eyes and a athletic wit. Slocum had been friends with Tony Dunphy since middle school, when Dunphy's family moved to the Southwest from Peru. Bradley ... through tribal lands of the Hopi, Navajo and ... ...ern cabins were largely occupied by ...ntercultural types, hippies, ...ple had heard of it," Dunphy ...

...mountain bikes and swinging in the desert ... Dunphy hurtling was a real clog-cracking exercise," Dunphy recalls. "I had to hoist my feet, hurge the element. We used to say we were dropping out but dropping in. Dropping ... ... paper. Slocum in the ad department ... ...ly utilitarian and construction glut. Although Telluride's new residents differed in many ...

It was 1980 people climbing, skiing, running rivers, playing cards and passing the same 20-dollar bill around, says Anne Waring, a friend of Slocum's and Dunphy's who moved to Telluride around the same time. Todd Creek another friend, adds. "There was no class system. Everyone was here for the same reason." Potlucks, costume parties, ski bums ... ceremonial pipes lit to call down ... snow ... and liberal drug use defined the era ... please pumping gas or fix my car. "He ...

...would be fun idea of a perfect weekend. After two of Slocum's brothers died — one a victim of AIDS, the other of a car accident ...

But the relationship ended, and Slocum returned to Telluride, eventually occupying a caretaker's apartment owned by a friend. The town has become glitzy and high-priced, and ... ...

rates of self-inflicted death. But suicide among women increased dramatically too — it's the nation's 10th leading cause of death. One is just three ... alongside unintentional injuries and Alzheimer's — that are increasing. In '10 a nearly 45,000 Americans took their own lives, and the recent suicides of prominent figures ... Robin Williams, Anthony Bourdain, Kate Spade ... have drawn public attention to the issue.

The motivations for suicide represent a notoriously unsolvable archipelago of personal turmoil, ambient ills and magic tragic. Experts caution against attributing a suicide ... to any one cause. Yet in the U.S., suicide has long been framed primarily as a mental health issue — because on the subject, effort proceeds from the assumption that some 90 percent of suicide victims can be shown based on psychological autopsy studies, to have suffered from mental illness. We have not understood suicide largely as the desperate measure of wounded minds, and prevention efforts focus overwhelmingly on mental health, often emphasizing crisis intervention hotlines ... tips on recognizing distress, how to talk to a suicidal friend.

Against that backdrop, ... striking that the CDC study examines that approximately ½ of suicide decedents did not have a known mental health condition." America, the report urges, needs a radically more diversified, public-health-based approach to suicide prevention. But its solutions to discrete goals with self-evident relevance to suicide — ... returning substance abuse and access to guns, increasing access to counseling ...

The CDC prescribes complex, politically sensitive initiatives ... urban planning, education and civic engagement ... strengthening economic supports (e.g., housing stabilization policies, household financial support); teaching coping and problem-solving skills to manage everyday stressors and prevent future relationship problems; promoting social connectedness to increase a sense of belonging and access to informational, tangible, emotional and social support.

Experts emphasize that among suicidal thinkers, external factors tend to overlap with mental health struggles. ... Jennifer Mueller, the chief medical officer of the American Foundation for Suicide Prevention, tells me: "People who are in a state of well-mental health don't think about ending their life. But it's difficult not to notice that the C.D.C. report suggests a substantial rethinking of the social fabric positioning the rise in suicide less as a distinct disease than as a symptom of deep, widespread ruptures in American life.

Although suicide rates increased in virtually every state from 1999 to 2016, the effects aren't uniformly distributed. The Mountain West stands out for especially dire statistics ... much of the region experienced rate increases of 38 to 58 percent. With around 200 deaths annually, Montana has the nation's highest rate of suicide.

Colorado, however, tallies the most yearly suicide deaths in the region, making it an ideal testing ground for a fresh approach to prevention. In '15 it was selected for a ... five-year program tasked with creating a comprehensive framework for upstream prevention, addressing populations in which "no suicidal thinking or behaviors may be apparent." The strategy mimics those for heart attack and cancer prevention, which began well before the onset of disease. Based in Colorado's Office of Suicide Prevention, the program coordinates players — housing authorities, businesses, courts, mental health organizations and public agencies — and aims to reduce suicide 20 percent statewide by 2024.

It took months to set pilot counties, with plans to roll out in Colorado's other 58 counties a statewide model could be exported further afield. It's unclear what that model will be, contributing factors vary considerably more for suicide than for cardiac arrest. But ... might include things like community-building 5Ks and pork ... teenage mindfulness-housing advocacy, tracking of ... suicide ... including divorce filings and DUIs, and workplace discussions ... friendly ... whatever practices ...

A 2017 study raises the possibility of a Mountain West "culture of suicide."

Sunil Bramnott, director of the OSP, acknowledges that gauging the effects of such a broad, intrinsic will be challenging. Depending on your cast of mind, it may seem quixotic — or grimly ambitious. "A lot of work has or happen before ... we has reached the point of crisis," Bramnott says. "We ... an ... people ... services on identifying people at risk and getting them in care. There's so much happening at the social and ecological level ...

In his landmark 1897 study Suicide, French sociologist Emile Durkheim famously identifies a species of suicide arising from insufficient social integration — the extent to which individuals coalesce through mutually reinforcing bonds into a collaborative society. Inadequate integration, he says, creates excessive individualism and ultimately egoistic suicide. Durkheim writes, "The more weakened the groups to which the individual belongs, the less he depends on them, the more he consequently depends only on himself. Master of his destiny, he neither relies on his neighbor nor cares that his neighbor anything in return. In a society slanted by such thinking, Durkheim continues, "the incidents of private life which seem the direct inspirations of suicide ... are in reality only incidental causes. The individual yields to the slightest shock of circumstance because the state of society has made him a ready prey to suicide."

Durkheim's individualism is, of course, an American birthright and a mainstay of Western lore. One can see its influence in regional antipathy toward collective enterprises such as taxes and ... regulation, and it's easy to imagine how it helped the early triggers cattlemen and miners who staked claims here with scant community to lean on. Current persist. A raft of modern articles ... one from 2002 in American Sociological Review ... the other from '81 ... in Sociological Perspectives ... caution ... words ... the ... how levels of social integration in the Mountain West. Noting unusually high rates of ... residential transience and marital instability, the authors identify the region as one for the kind of egoistic suicide Durkheim describes. A '91 study by Carolyn Pepper of the University of Wyoming, further raises the possibility of a Mountain West culture of suicide. This might result, Pepper writes, from "an attitude that suicide is a relatively acceptable response to adversity, a belief that is relatively normal and perhaps inevitable" or

me, It's that pull-yourself-up-by-your-bootstraps mentality," she says. I've heard this refrain too

preliminary data where people in

Pepper says. Her findings suggest that Westerners are less likely than

seek help for problems, and more

people, is not a historic high. In the early 1930s, during the Depression, 23 out of every 100,000 Americans killed themselves. Rates of post-crash Wall Street jumpers are

rises steadily throughout the ostensibly roaring prosperity of the 1920s. Rates dropped with the New Deal, then plunged during World War II. "Social disturbances and great popular wars rouse collective sentiments," Durkheim writes. "At these times men in close ranks and overlook the

of himself and more of the common cause."

organic farm. They bought land in Norwood, a small rural community about 30 miles from Telluride. At the end of a long driveway on a country road, they built a house of straw bale. They raise poultry, hogs, goats and bees. In the last years of Tom Slocum's life, Darwyn invited him to parties at the farm

rustic kitchen. Through a window, Darwyn points to an irrigation pond that is perilously

summer on record. The pastures are sere and tawn. Wildfires throughout the West often haze blue skies, making the air pungent with

a diverse collection of books, including

to a season of meager snowfall that bruised local businesses. "The water situation. All summer we've had smokefilled skies." The Mountain West has always relied on nature

for minerals, timber, lift tickets. Amid the region's vast empty spaces, the vagaries of weather and soil have doubtless helped

current political agenda and what we've

I've had three good friends die this summer, Darwyn says. Two accidents, one suicide. "Life's rough. ... Older used to seem to be

were differences, of course. Darwyn got married and had children. Winters he works as a patrol a fraternity of conservation-

providing a kind of therapy. After Slocum's death, Darwyn started listening closely for signs of distress among friends. In addition

fire district. Darwyn does wellness checks for him. For now, even in drought, Jeremy has the farm. Talk of the's given more thought to how his pain differs from Slocum's. "I don't have an answer to that question yet," he says.

I met Laurie Robinson. Darwyn and

ively tan and fit. The Range Rovers drove slowly, and middle-aged men don pink pants without evident self-consciousness. Real estate has been booming since the mid-1980s, and modest home values now approach $ million. Tom Cruise, Oprah Winfrey and Ralph Lauren have Telluride estates. But beyond Main Street, the houses

live elsewhere. Many year-round residents have been exiled to cheaper towns such as Norwood, sometimes an hour or more away.

In a planners office outfitted with a Mac

annual Telluride Wine Festival, sifts through the fallout from this year's event. The snooty isn't sitting up, and she's fielding heavy complaints. In an earlier era, she says, Telluride's sparsely festivals largely museum-went facilitated by a culture of volunteerism. Friends and friends of friends would work for tickets. "Now there's no time," she says. "People have to work so much in order to live here. For time-starved newcomers, the barriers to entry are prohibitive. People with great aspirations come and think, 'I'm going to do whatever I need to make it work.' Darnay says. "And then they think, 'Oh my God, this is too difficult. It seems like people are coming and going all the time.

For those who came to Telluride in its unadvocated state, the sense can be of water rising. "That's why I have three jobs," says Emil Sante, who has lived here for decades. "It weighs on you financially, psychologically." Todd Creed, who had the good sense to go into real estate early on, says of Skoburi, "He was very opinionated about politics and ethics, the environment and Telluride as a community. He transformation protest. The dynamic changed, and the values changed. That was hard for him. It was hard for a lot of people. When it comes to Hillary Diguetz, Nat Miguel is the nation's eighth-most-unequal county, according to a 2018 study by the nonprofit Economic Policy Institute. (Wyoming's Teton County and Colorado's Pitkin County rank first and seventh, respectively.) Amid such evolutions, friction is inevitable. But unhappiness among the old guard often arises less from class resentment than from the fracture of their community.

After a divorce, Robinson lost her Telluride condo. "I can buy something else in town," she says, between bites of a late lunch of quiche. "I don't have as many friends, and it's harder to get together with them because I'm in Norwood. Things pass me by." She burns and pulls back have died out, vestiges of a once tight-knit colony. I ask Robinson about those days. "What's really weird is I don't have those Tara flashbacks," she says. "There was the time she planted a garden. Tom came out and watched me. He asked all these questions about the flowers, like he'd never been in a yard before. I can see his face so clearly now, whenever I'm planting. Another time, on a rafting trip, she got doused by rapids, and Skocum warmed her on a riverside rock, warning off hypothermia. She hadn't even noticed setting in.

Robinson has known several people who killed themselves in the area, and she wonders about common threads. "I have contemplated suicide a number of times myself," she says. "I look at myself and go, 'When it takes me past Tara?' She worries about suicide victims' solitude: stillness and embodiment. But people who have masked their identities and relinquished an physicality can be universally admirable in the emotions of age.

"People do stuff together around here: tennis, hiking, biking, skiing. Robinson says. Friendships almost invariably revolve around outdoor activities, and Achilles tendon injuries have lately kept her from participating. "You tend to get separated from your tribe when you can't keep up. And you go, 'Well, maybe I've got no place in the tribe anymore. It's kind of ok in the end.

Suicidality, which encompasses everything from suicidal ideation to the completed act, is a continuum — a fact often emphasized by prevention advocates. Suicidal thoughts are common, but few people act on them. Of those who do and survive, a majority do not die by suicide, which is to say they resolve to live. Paul Reich, a program manager with Mental Health Colorado and a vocal advocate for affordable housing, tells me, "Any time you're in a community that has housing that's not stable, it creates a high-stress situation."

Colorado is subsequently populated by people from elsewhere who have left friends and family behind. "More than half of Telluride's workers come from outside the county," Reich says. "You spend your days here, but your nights at, say, Mudslide" — which is 65 miles away. "You're not really connected to either of them. There's a lack of a support network, the connections that help people get through difficult times."

Yet local suicide prevention remains largely focused on crisis. When Rob Robinson, who she thinks about avoidable mental health resources, she looks exasperated. She does not consider suicide by deliberate intention, being assisted in a moment of crisis that her life is priceless doesn't move her. Like all of us, she wants to serve. From her surroundings that her existence means something — ask what she does when she feels down — call Tony," she says, chuckling through tears. "There's something friendly calming about Darnay. He has the unhurried manner of a cabinetmaker and his optimism isn't cloying. He's calling his new essay The Cliffs in Half Full."

In a note written before his death, Tom Skocum referred to his physical decline. He indicated he would face his end on his own terms. Like many suicide notes, it offered friends and family no closure.

As the suggestion of Skocum's brother Steve took up some of Tara's writing in a local paper, where over the years, he published several letters and op-ed pieces. What comes through is a man troubled by political partisanship and concerned about his community, backcountry recreation, gun control, mountain sports safety.

By April 20 5, when he published his last item, he'd become reclusive. Friends say that he'd stopped taking care of himself: his hair grew long and greasy, and that he'd become bitter, unresponsive to overtures even from close friends. But the peace, strange and expansive, prevailing in a dreamy, metaphoric melancholic denouement has nothing bitter in it. Skocum describes being on the Colorado, a river in knees, negotiating rapids whose bodies he knows well. A certain of fear about his own fate and others' riffles the surface of ponders, as American West where supply of firearms is guaranteed while access to life-giving water seems far less assured. Conditions are beyond his control. He hopes for the best. The gorge narrows. The current quickens. "... I hope for a confluence of currents in calm pacific waters — never not bladder deep into the murk, feel the forces in play, then I brace for cold, harsh spray from the rapids. And remind all to stay on the high side of the boat, until she slides up the smooth sandy surface of the beach.

Barry Robinson, unopposed, telluride works into a resort area.

"I'll catch up with you three later."

FAR FROM
HOME
FOR THE
HOLIDAYS

Sitting outside a crusty hostel in Ecuador smoking cigarettes with some Argentinean backpackers, I found that I couldn't locate the Big Dipper in the night sky. It was August 2014, and I was a year into a 6-month cycling journey from Oregon to Patagonia, the other side of the world from my hometown of Los Angeles.

by JEDIDIAH JENKINS

I asked my companions to help me find the Dipper, and they in turn asked, "What is that?" I thought maybe South Americans called it something else so I drew it on a napkin. They looked at me with confusion.

"I've never seen that," one of them said.

"But it's the most obvious constellation on the sky," I protested.

"No it's not. The Southern Cross is."

"What's the Southern Cross?"

Their expressions changed from confusion to shock. One of them grabbed another napkin and drew a kite shape with a rogue star on the upper right. He pointed up and there it was, as big and commanding as the Dipper. (I should add that the Big Dipper and the Southern Cross are asterisms not constellations, but no one talks like that.) It was in that moment that it really landed on me. We live on a giant sphere and where we stand on it affects what we see.

When I navigate from my home in Los Angeles, in looking a specific direction into the universe — up, if you will — in the southern hemisphere, they're looking down. They've spent their lives gazing in another direction, at stars I'd never seen. Being many from the Big Dipper as distant as it sounds, I felt me feeling unrooted. This anchor in the sky, a constant in my world, was now a guarantee. I had moved beyond its view. I had left it behind.

* * *

When my world is right-side up, I see October let go of all her leaves. Hallowe'en hits, and then Thanksgiving is bubbling in the dining room, and when that one meal is over we turn on the news to watch early-bird shoppers stampede into Best Buy. Then the holiday season is in full swing and every day is a bit colder. Yes I like it sometimes Los Angeles but when I think of the holidays I think of my childhood home of Nashville where there's enough snow to conjure the appropriate Christmas nostalgia.) After the presents are opened, you have just a week to cash your checks before New Year's Day. And it's over. The year ends in an over-decorating daze.

The holiday season is a mixed bag. It can be terrible — an inescapable hell with the family who hurt you, or a painful reminder of a lack of family. If you're lucky, a swell of love and good cheer takes over, a feeling of the year's completion and the promise of renewal. I've been one of the lucky ones. For me the holiday's are about finding perfect gifts for my parents, lounging by the fire taking forest walks and dreaming.

What goes unnoticed is the magic on which it is all set: the hemisphere in which you happen to live. In the northern hemisphere the year comes to a close in the winter. The shortening of the days. The chilled air. The first snow. The Christmas movies and songs full of wintry scenes. There's a necessary coziness that accompanies the cold. You have to huddle together, maybe with some good food. And maybe we all start singing a song everyone knows.

Patagonia, pages Above

November 2014 in Patagonia, however, was unlike anything I'd experienced before. I woke up on Thanksgiving in the tiny town of Puerto [illegible] the only English speaker except for an Italian [illegible] He didn't know it was Thanksgiving. No one did.

I was 6,000 miles from the United States on the bottom of the planet. In a place that was [illegible] day. The child inside me expecting family and friends and a huge meal and perhaps my mom saying "Go around the table and say what you're thankful for" was all alone and sad. I had none of those things. And it wasn't even fall. It was bright green spring.

[illegible] The list consisted almost entirely of the people [illegible] my shit once my bike was set again and cycle down the gravel road with not a soul by my side.

There was no Black Friday, no rush for Christmas presents; there was only gravel road. Instead of pillows were grass. Both [illegible] destination of El Chaltén, Argentina, thought about the meaning of the holidays. December [illegible] Christmas music such as Bing Crosby and Nat King Cole and the Charlie Brown Christmas soundtrack. I would have people over for a potluck and show off my compilation. We'd begin the fire pit, hang in my backyard and wear [illegible]

Then I would fly back to Nashville. The [illegible] for because he seems so present. He'd just bring him a hug and my undivided attention. Flies constellations of memories and rituals [illegible] in such a way in my usual winter world, and like it.

You know something best when it's taken from you. Cycling alone through the first week of December and then the second, my [illegible] it not an option in the age of Instagram. I know very well what month it was and what was, traditionally, supposed to be happening [illegible] and family decorating their homes and having [illegible] on my phone and there as looking up. I was [illegible] neared El Chaltén and the end of my journey.

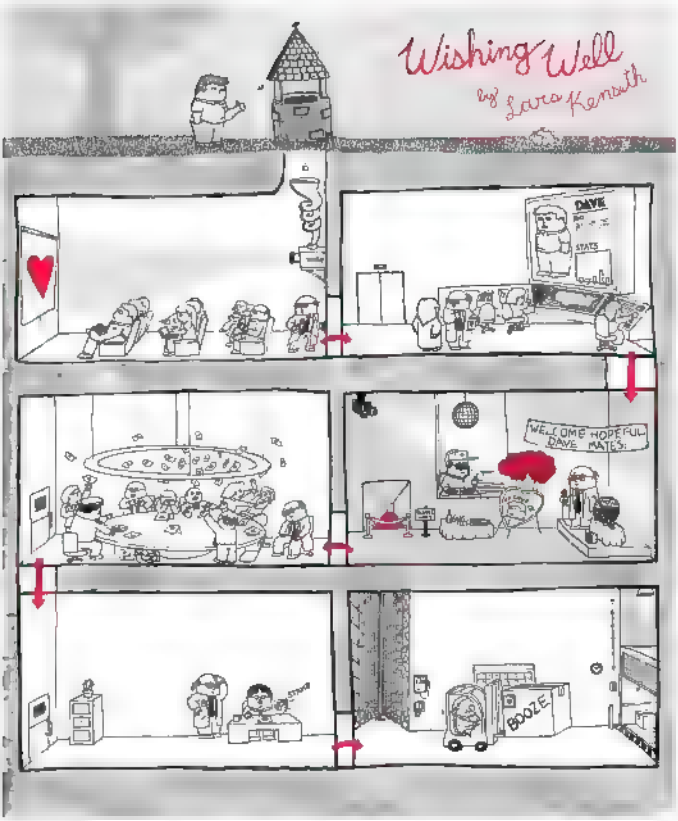
[illegible] pushed through some trees, found a soft splash of green, set up my tent and went to bathe in the river. It was aqua blue, which assumed meant it came directly from the mouth of a glacier [illegible] knee touching it, experienced a paralyzing cold. I stripped down and dipped my body in the water, hopped out shouting to the sky, then tethered myself in and turned back in.

[illegible] the most perilous maze with a perfectly spaced jungle of lines like the winding folds of a brain. And in that moment, thought of my dad. He'll love this, I said to myself.

[illegible] hug, warmed it to embody the bigness and jagged beauty of Patagonia—a piece of wood from the bank of a river, unseen by anyone grown from a tree neither he nor I would ever see. Maybe no human would ever see it, but it held all the Christmas could gather for myself so far south. Night fell, and I looked [illegible] A cloudless sky, the Southern Cross high and [illegible]

[illegible] the cwn gifts a piece of wood for my father and a distant view to my holidays. I saw them [illegible] the plane dipped below the clouds above [illegible] airport, and when I got out of the car, the [illegible] of Christmas, was here.

[illegible] sky. And there it was, the Big Dipper conveniently framed in another opening of trees, as if to say, "I never left. You did


Wishing Well
by Lara Kenath
DAVE
STATS
WELCOME HOPEFUL DAVE MATES.
BOOZE

Stephanie
Chaney

Describe yourself in three words.
Quick-witted, humble, and optimistic

What would people not know by looking at you?
Just looking at me, you'd never know that I fight Multiple Sclerosis and some other chronic illnesses. I live with physical pain every day of my life, and I never know what new symptom may arise. I have an amazing medical team who helps me sustain a quality of life I'm happy with.

Were you excited to shoot for Playboy?
Absolutely! I've read Playboy for so long, and I've always admired the beautiful women. I definitely achieved a dream by shooting for Playboy.

What was it like starting out as a model?
Starting out, I felt both confident and scared. Confident that I could do it, but scared of the unknown.

What would you consider to be your biggest challenge as a model so far?
My biggest challenge has been ignoring the people who say I can't do it. Coming from a small town, you're not expected to go very far. Showing people that I can do it despite my small-town upbringing has been sweet success.

Describe your perfect day off when you are not modelling?
My perfect day includes wine, comedy, family, and friends.

Do you feel more like a city person or a country person?
I'm 100% country! I live in the same small town I was born and raised in. I love the tranquility and simplicity that city can't offer.

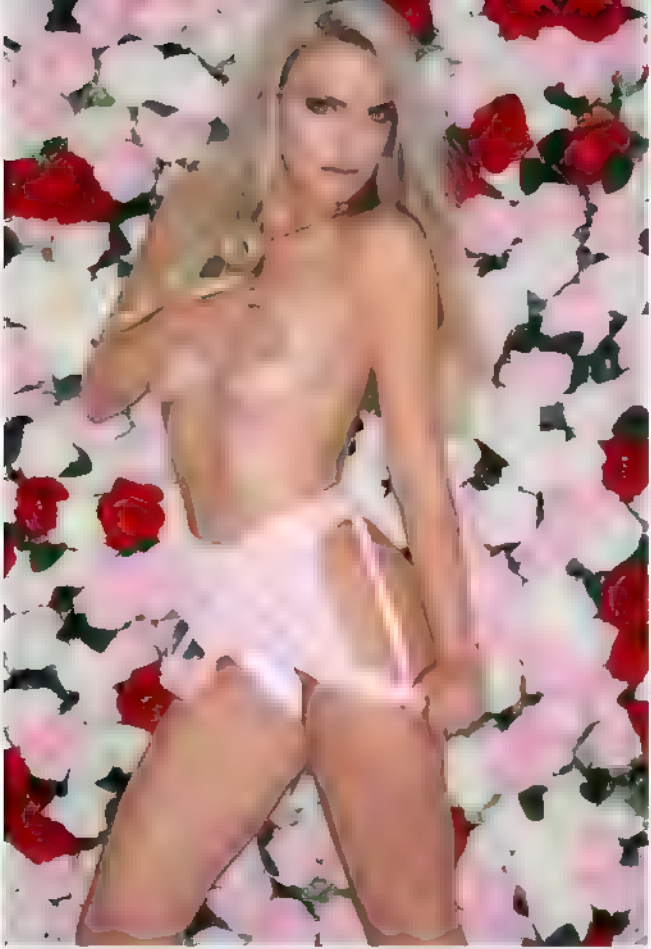
If you could live anywhere in the world, where would it be?
I'd live somewhere on a beach where I could relax in the sound of the waves every day.

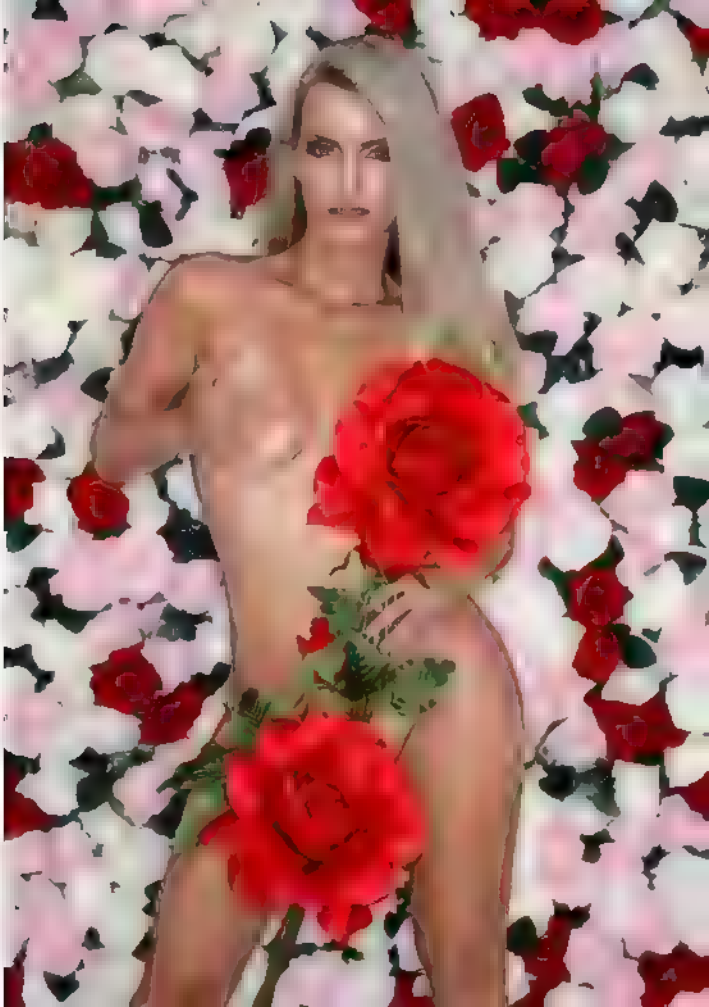
Which song is absolutely certain to make you cry whenever you hear it?
"You're Gonna Miss This" by Trace Adkins. My two kids mean the world to me, and they're growing up so fast. Anytime I'm rushing around with them, I think of that song and immediately tear up. Being a Mom is the best thing that's ever happened to me.

What is your favourite word in any language and what does it mean?
I love the meaning behind the Hawaiian word 'Ohana'. It means "family", but not just blood relatives. It encompasses friends and neighbours into your "family". I'm not very close with many blood relatives, but I'm extremely close to a few friends who I consider my 'Ohana.

What are your proudest achievements?
My two children are my proudest achievements by far. They've developed into caring, intelligent, athletic, well-mannered young people who are going to make an impact on this world. They make me proud every single day.

Any last words you would like to share with the readers?
No matter how bad you think you have a life, it could always be worse. Even on your worst day ever, there's someone wishing they had your problems instead of theirs. Count your blessings and be grateful.





CHARLIE COX

In a world where Marvel is king and privacy all but dead, the man behind Daredevil tells us why it's important to remain, if just for now, masked

Q: *She also find it a struggle to be on a particular Twitter chain site at the same time as to maintain your privacy in your life.*

COX: It think it is designed to keep my private life private. That would have been all my intense feelings toward everyone through think it's quite relevant and natural to want to be able to have a private life. I think it's partly due to the fact that I don't engage on social media also don't think that intrude has myself with social media. I wouldn't want to raise a bad day and end up tweeting something without having really thought it through. You can't take that back.

Q: *What else does your life private, aside from Netflix?*

COX: It's just not in my DNA. Claustrophobic solitude will shrink me. Ryan Reynolds is a handle for teamings to. But he's not a very shy guy and he have some interesting stuff. I guess he kind of gets it right, he knows exactly how to manage it. I read an interview years ago I think it was with Sam Damon who said that he doesn't like doing interviews. He tries to do as few interviews as possible, because he doesn't really want people to get to know who he is as a person. It might make it harder for them to believe him in the characters I remember thinking, That is really good point.

Q: *How is working with Sam, superb actors from the past, women in particular including Claire Foy, Elisabeth Moss, Kathryn Hahn, Rachel McAdams? How did you get cast?*

COX: Yeah, many times.

Q: *I can tell it's them, then.*

COX: No, I might check that was probably one of the humiliating experiences of my life. I beautiful actresses. I fallen in love with Agnes enough. Like gaslighting me and said if probably, and it took a few of them.

Q: *It is complicated to be involved with someone who's also in the public eye?*

COX: Yes. You're using legal actions where you don't know anyone else. You're in there you're making the move and you're costars, you're pretending to be in love during the day. It's not surprising that people confuse reality often. I think, when you do have these on-set romances and then you get back in the real world, suddenly you begin to see it was quite what you thought it was. I think that's why you get so many actors dating one another. It's a place to be with somebody who understands what the job is like.

Q: *How have you, Samantha Thomas, as a producer on Iron Fist, navigated #MeToo but not #GamerGate? How did you guys meet?*

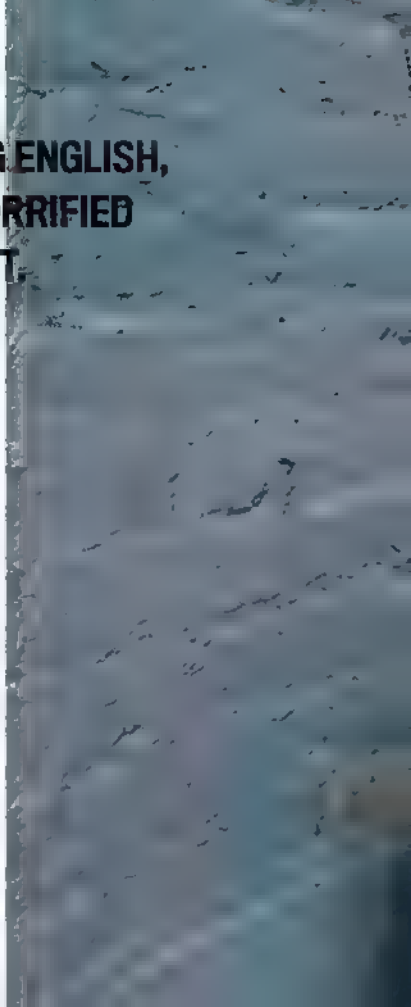
COX: Yeah, we she's a producer. I'm not going to talk about her as all, because she's very careful about it keeping my family out of it. That is one of the reasons I'm not on social media really don't think people need to know about my family.

Q: *We're not going to tell you about your birthday, you're not going to tell us about anything to do with your age, but what was your most memorable birthday?*

COX: Aren't know. I've ever heard that question before. The truth is, I'm awesome like me. I don't feel comfortable talking about myself in any way that's going to then be read on camera or in print or something. But recognize

BY MEREDITH ALLOWAY PHOTOGRAPHED BY JAKE CRESSUM

MAYBE IT'S BEING ENGLISH, BUT I BECOME HORRIFIED BY A COMPLIMENT.



but put all my effort in to publicize the stuff that I like. I also know that no one is going to send me anywhere where it rains about as much as it does like to play the character. It's a balance, and you have to try to figure out what is appropriate and what isn

QH Is it possible to do anything other than be yourself?

CDX Oh, 100 percent. My career is not more important than my family. No, there's nothing more important than really, God forbid, hospital or child problems and I'd be the one who will answer the question. What would you do differently? with which I worked harder. No. If anyone would say with I'd maybe spend more time on my family.

QH What were you like as a kid?

CDX I'm the youngest of three kids. I was the closest sibling to my sister. She was quite a bad mistake, effectively. I was an only child until I was 10. That makes sense. My dad was a publisher and my mum worked for him, in London. I was obsessed with sport — football.

QH Which team do you support?

CDX I'm an Arsenal fan. There's a great line in one of my favorite films, an Argentinean film, called The Secret in Their Eyes. They're looking for a criminal and they say something like: When you're on the run, you can change everything about you. You can change your look, you can change the way you live, you can change the people you hang out with, you can change anything you need to. The one thing you can never change is your passions. And they end up finding this guy because they look for him at his football team's stadium. So I can't choose what my passionate about. Sometimes I think, how am I wasting this time and energy and suffering these devastating losses that happen? Does it make it painful?

But you just can't help it. For my bachelor party, my best friend was like "What do you want to do?" And I said, "I just want to go to the park with my best mates and sweeten down and play."

Q11: *It was very interesting to speak with Cox when you were growing up when she was ten and you were twenty-six. Did you ever think that you would be working together?*

COX: I think about it. It was a bumpy there always enjoyed engaging in the theater. We did a play at one of my schools when I was seven or eight years old. It was Charlie and the Chocolate Factory, and I played Charlie.

I don't know if we've lost the tape, but if you watch it as well as knowing my own lines in mouthing everyone else's lines.

Q12: *Many people see you freedom into hair as Matthew has to remember how to disappear with death wedge which were both Matthew roles.*

COX: Yeah, but I don't think anyone would refer to that as a breakout role.

[laughs] What you don't even remember that King's Shakespeare thing. The Merchant of Venice with Al Pacino and Jeremy Irons. I believe that I had something in the first part of the movie we were all in Luxembourg and Pacino. I can't remember how he phrased it but he said to me "Do you have a leather jacket?" And I was like, "No." I was like "If you're an actor you have to have a leather jacket." I went my mom and I was asked me "What do you want for Christmas." And I said, "A leather jacket." I still have it. A bunch of my friends are still really jealous of it.

Q13: *And what are your friendships like as you bring up to be*

COX: My oldest, dear, dear friends of all actors. My dear friends are my friends both sober. The guy who is going to be my best mate, my best friend. Our parents were friends before we were born. I've become friends with people like Eddie Redmayne has also known Adam's sec. them regularly as all they're all doing something, all doing something. Ben Barnes is in Stardust so we met on that. He's one of the loveliest humans I've ever met—and he's also been in my life a huge amount because he's now on one of the Netflix shows that shoot in New York. I found him an apartment in my building, because he lives in Los Angeles. So for two years he's been living underneath us.

Q14: *What was it like working with Krysten Ritter on The Defenders?*

COX: I love Krysten. I can't say enough good things about her. And she and I, in particular, got along really well. She's unapologetically who she is, and I learned a lot from that. Not in any way does she apologize for being successful and talented.

Q15: *Do you apologize for those things?*

COX: I think do. Maybe it's being English, but I became horrified by a compliment and know that feeling when someone says something wonderful to you. "Oh my God, you're great." or something like that. My instinct is to say, "No, no, no." It's very difficult for me. I think I was brought up to not be boastful or a show-off and what's in learning from people like Krysten is that being authentic and being proud of who you are and what you do is not the same thing as being boastful. So one of my practices as a human is to try and be right-sized, if that makes sense.

Q16: *Is it difficult dealing with fame as conventions like Comic-Con, knowing that*

VULNERABILITY, FORGIVENESS AND KINDNESS SHOULD BE WHAT MAKE A SUPERHERO A SUPERHERO.

accomplishments make you unapproachable?

COX: I've learned a lot of the great things about playing this character is that I had the opportunity to go to loads of conventions and meet loads of fans, and I love that. The fans are so respectful. I haven't had a bad experience to date. You get to hear what people have to say about the show—people who have no agenda as to telling you what they like something. And again, I still manage to lead a very private life—in my day-to-day life, I am so be anonymous.

Q17: *The new season of Daredevil keeps getting darker and darker. There are a lot of rumors about the Born Again Daredevil. Can you tell us anything you can about the new feel about playing Daredevil in the new that's coming out in October?*

COX: I guess what your question makes me think of is that the character has his faith. He has a very strong attachment to his soul to his Catholicism. And yet what he engages in as a superhero runs in direct conflict with those tenets. One of the great gifts in playing this character is it gives that feeling of being torn in different directions. We play on the idea that the character gives up the Man Murdock element of him and he's not going to engage in the idea that he's a make believe—that Man Murdock is the character he's invented, and the true him, his true authentic self, is Daredevil, which is a dangerous path to tread.

Q18: *Do you ever feel as though you're torn—your self in the role?*

COX: No, I know that's Sam jokes about when she looks at me with Mat Murdock in six months a week that it can affect your moods but some of that's because of fatigue and your body asking a "I've played this character for so many hours now—it's not like a mirror.

Q19: *Daredevil seems to be a very vulnerable character. Do you ever worry such a vulnerable person?*

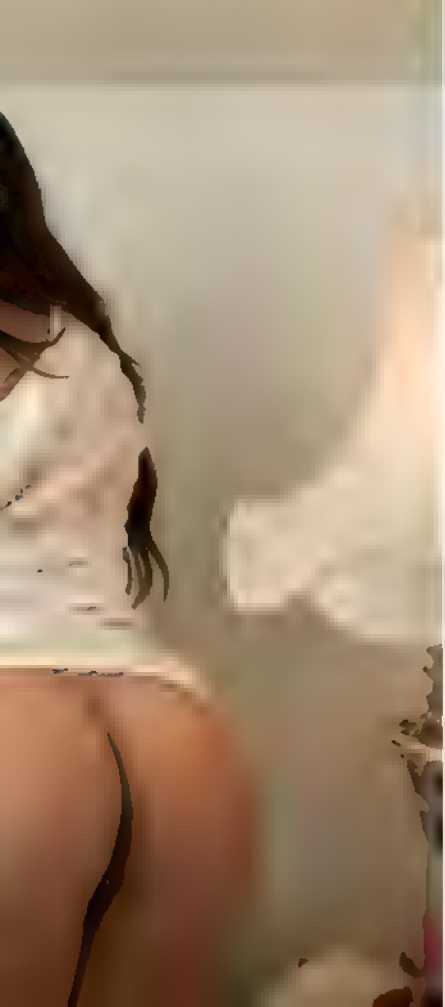
COX: The short answer is yes. The truth is in real life in my heart and my mind, but I don't believe violence is the answer to anything. I don't think there needs to be—it should be in an ideal world, any level of violence to try to solve any problems. One of the things I've said sometimes on, when we try to do walk by show and I try to do with Matt as really highlight the moments when the answer's not violence but vulnerability, forgiveness and kindness characteristics that really, ultimately, hopefully illustrate what make a superhero a superhero. When makes a superhero is the ability to make the right judgment call in the right moment, the ability to not engage in violence when it's not absolutely necessary.

Q20: *In what ways do you think playing Daredevil has changed you?*

COX: One of the things like about Mats Murdock is that he doesn't worry about what other people think. He doesn't feel people's feelings for them. He's very comfortable telling them exactly how it is, and he lets other people have their own feelings around it. And that's something that, at times, makes him seem quite cold. But actually a very respectful way to live is to not cry to influence how people experience it. I've come on a challenging difficult—you might have—more angry take that embraces a little bit as myself as harsh—to speak my truth and let people have their experience around that. ■

Erica GORE

Photography by **BARRY BROWN** *Text by* **NELLY MADUNA**



Tell us something surprising about you?
I used to compete in ballroom and Latin dancing.

Were you excited to shoot for Playboy?
Of course

What inspires you?
Risk. I love seeing people go after what they want despite the odds. I'm not saying to be totally reckless, but diving into something new without knowing how it's going to turn out definitely gets my heart pumping.

Why did you choose to pursue a career in modelling?
I mean what girl doesn't like getting pretty and taking pictures?

Who do you look up to in the modelling industry?
Tyra Banks is definitely one of my favourites because she used her modelling career to pursue so many other things.

What are some of your hobbies?
Dancing, acting, and playing with my puppy Nylah.

Name three things on your bucket list?
Sky diving, travel the world, and go on an African safari.

Turn-ons
Being able to total strangers, and talking intelligently about your passion.

Turn-offs
Texting all the time and smoking cigarettes.

Describe to us your perfect date
Something adventurous, like maybe dinner on a hot air balloon ride or anything with live music.

Which world capital would you most like to visit, and why?
Rome! I love Italian food.

What is your mantra?
"Head up, heart open!"

A VERY '80S SEX SCANDAL

BY DAVID HOCHMAN

*With The Front Runner, **Jason Reitman** and **J.K. Simmons** revisit the downfall of philandering presidential candidate Gary Hart. (Oh, how times have changed.)*

Director Jason Reitman knows that most of us have a way of misremembering history. We collectively believe Humphrey Bogart said "Play it again, Sam" in Casablanca (the line is "Play it, Sam," and that he believed in the family's values he demonstrates clearly when it's secretly the Bergmans' desire is treasure and era against our war.

Depending on your perspective, the scandal was the moment Gary Hartley either got real or rode off the rails. It was certainly the first time the sex life of a presidential candidate had come under public scrutiny, and in a wild argue, a freedom of current affairs coverage a powerful man undone practically overnight by high-publicized accusations of sexual misconduct.

Before Hart, it was all wink, wink, nudge, nudge from JFK and Kennedy on down. As someone whose career you took at what presidents have been involved with in terms of their sexual peccadilloes, and suddenly, having a party on a boat is a talk-stopping, out-of-bounds scene in comparison to what has happened under the desk in the Oval Office.

Few debate whether Hart was an egregious philanderer with the potential for greatness in terms of national security, but predicted the 9/11 attacks and he advocated cyber warfare in a shift in the U.S. priorities from industries in digital technology. If Hart has a video disgrace and made it to the White House, would he indeed have made a difference in how we see the century? The questions fascinates Reitman. "There is a story about human beings who are nuanced and complicated and flawed, and at the end of the day, that's politics. When you elect someone you elect a person with flaws and that's a particularly exciting time where the most flawed human beings of all time in the presidency."

Starring a set loaded with 90s Americana, brick-size cell phones, sell-out tracksuits, Grand Wigginess helped conjure the zeitgeist. "The ephemera all brings a human connection to those days," Reitman says. But the tracks here is how *The Front Runner* holds up to the #metoo era. It came when Reitman showed the film to Donna Rice Hughes and the Hart officials in separate screenings.

"Donna was pleased in the portrayal as more than the blonde bimbo, heartbreaker so many people assumed she was," Reitman says. Hughes graduated Phi Beta Kappa from the University of South Carolina, today she is a writer, an internet safety and protecting children activist. As for Hart, he returned to law in 1988, earned a doctorate in politics from Oxford, published books and wrote several books. After many hard times and self-devastations, Gary and Lee recently celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary. Perhaps it's no surprise that, of all Reitman's subjects, it was Hart himself who scrapped the directors in his tracks.

As you can imagine during my chat in film with an earliest screening experience of the film, Reitman says: "We all want to hot chocolates afterwards, and the first thing he asked was 'Is that really how I talk?' He looked at him and said, 'Yes. Gary, that's exactly how you talk.' I started breathing again after that. ■

Hugh Jackman as Senator Hart

TRANSCRIPT — STEVE DOUGHERTY, JUSTIN METZ

HERITAGE

SHEP *and the* FAB FOUR

When PLAYBOY sent humorist Jean Shepherd to interview the Beatles, he walked away unimpressed. As this never-before-seen conversation shows, time did not dilute his views

BY JIM GEORGE

[illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

that thought that the press often can either raise you to heights, make you look like a stupid fool or, in the case of the Albert Schweitzer, he they can make you look like an unbelievable genius if they love you. Almost all the press that followed the Beatles were unbelievable fans.

GEORGE: I'm glad by then you actually say all the quotes attributed to them that they were restrungered.

SHEPHERD: Well they didn't say all of them [laughs]. A couple of things my editor threw in and objected to. I said, "Jesus, they're not that funny. They didn't say that." And he said, "Oh yeah, but wouldn't it have been great if they had?"

GEORGE: You have said that no one ever interfered with your work. There was a case where they interfered.

SHEPHERD: No, they didn't interfere they nibbled. [laughs] I didn't give a damn about it. You're the only guy that has brought this piece up.

GEORGE: You've never been asked to discuss this?

SHEPHERD: Never. For Chris's sake, lived with them for weeks, shared a room with Ringo. When they do these eternal rehashes of the Beatles' career, the piece is never mentioned. I always surprised me, because it was the first worldwide publicity they got as persons as personalities. That had never been done before.

GEORGE: In the Playboy interview, it says that John Lennon was "a rather cool customer and far less hip than he's been made out to be."

SHEPHERD: It is true. I didn't call him. We tangled many times. He was a witty, very egotistical guy. Five minutes, remember one little incident. We were in London, and he said, "Let's down and get me a pack of cigarettes." And I said, "Well, there's nothing wrong with you." He looked at me for a long time, and the lines were then drawn. So far he was loyal to having friends unwilling and I wasn't a friend.

GEORGE: You didn't find him witty in conversation at all?

SHEPHERD: No, no. [laughs] None of us were actually "witty." It's that when someone becomes famous, it begins to have a life of its own. In other words it's the paper says, "It's amusing," then 100 people say, "My God! What insight!" Just because it's the page. And that's what I think happened with the Beatles.

GEORGE: One line you wrote about George Harrison sticks in my mind: "He's a very likable chap." If he happens to like you.

SHEPHERD: It's absolutely true. He's got all the unpredictable charm of a spoiled child. [laughs] I got along with Ringo better than any of them. Ringo had a real sense of humor. He was truly the funniest, didn't set himself up as an expert on the Beatles, but I can tell you this: I had actual personal relationships with them. Both George used to call me in New York all the time when they came.

GEORGE: You kept in contact over the years?

SHEPHERD: Off and on, as our paths crossed. I talked to Paul a couple times. There was never any effort by me to call the Beatles. I'm not a Beatles fan.

GEORGE: In your introduction to the Playboy interview, it seems as though you didn't see any greatness or magic. You honestly didn't see anything special in them?

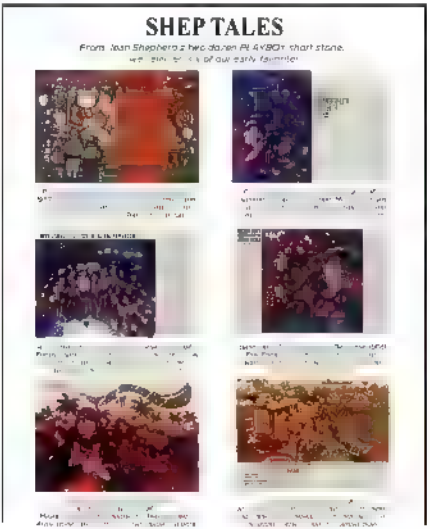
SHEPHERD: There really wasn't. I think they were one of the greatest control media hypes of the century. Just think they were that special.

GEORGE: Even in the later years?

SHEPHERD: Especially in the later years. [laughs] It's not trying to put them down, just think they were overblown. They did their thing, and they did it well. But Brian Epstein is the one that created the Beatles, not the Beatles. He couldn't've taken four other guys and made the Beatles.

GEORGE: You personally believe that?

SHEPHERD: Oh, absolutely. I know it's sacrilegious. [laughs] But you call them the way you see them. ■



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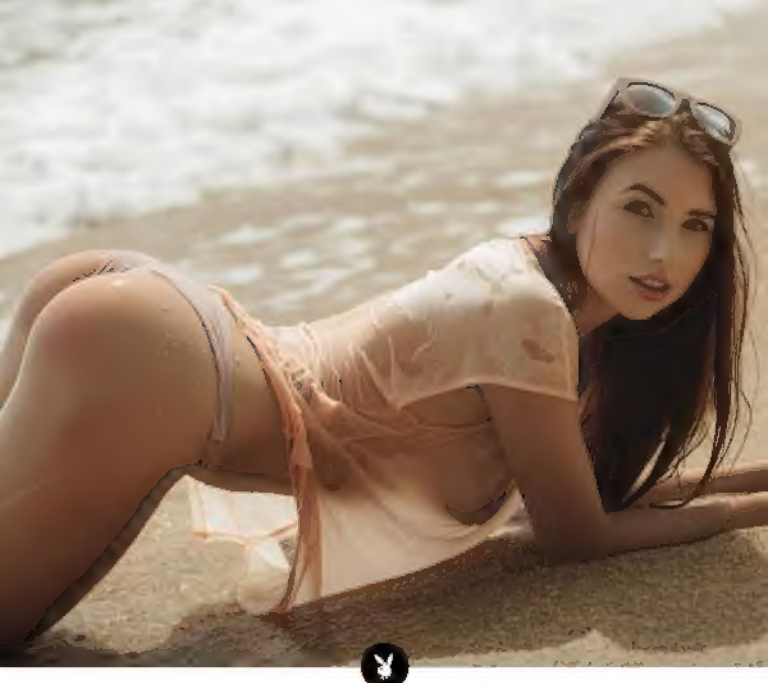

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